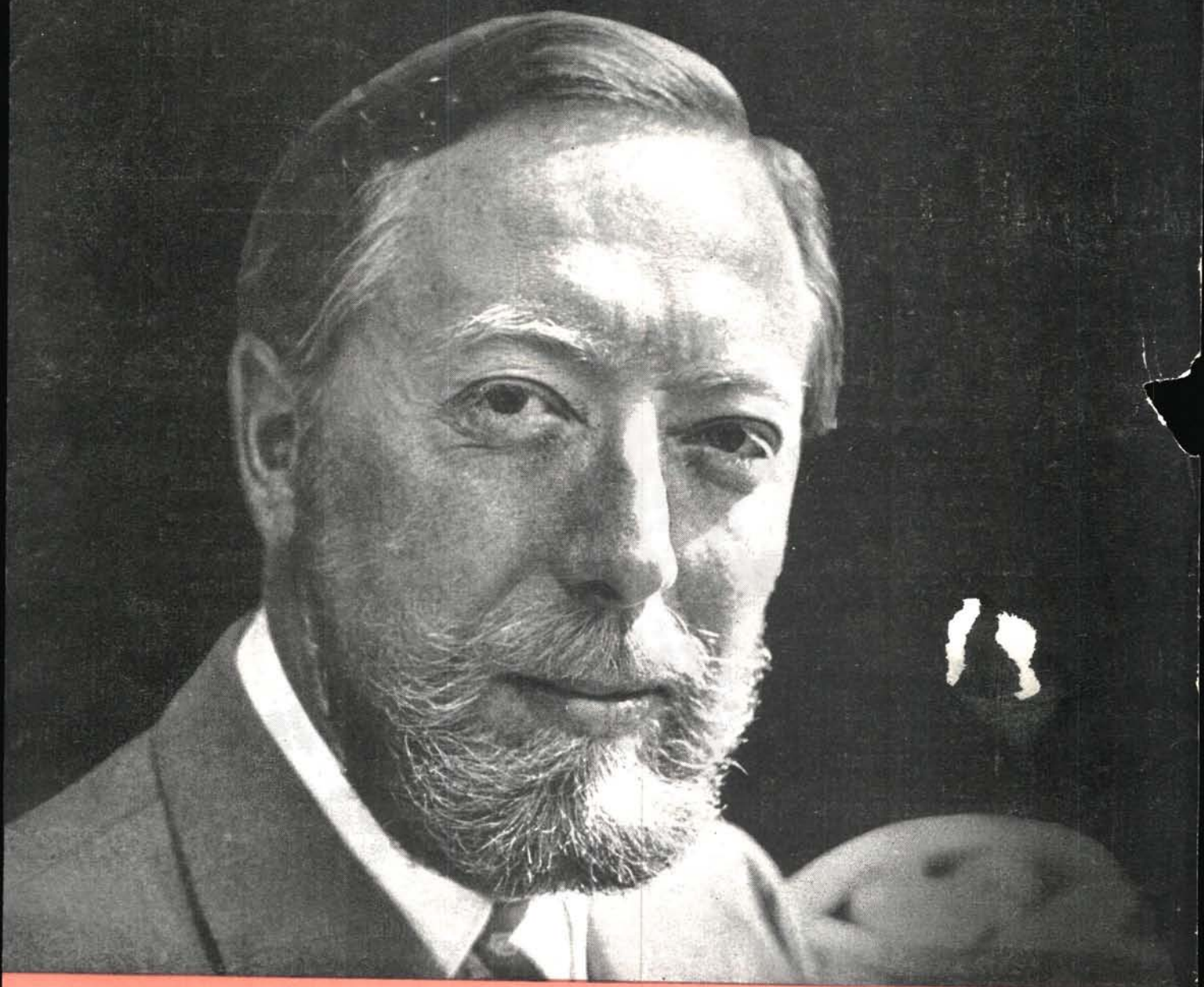
Saturday Review

MARCH 9, 1957 / 20¢



Brian Connell, author of "A Watcher on the Rhine."

HAS AMERICA LOST ITS SENSE OF HUMOR?

By Howard Florance

PITCHMEN IN THE PULPIT . . . *in SR's Religious Book Survey*

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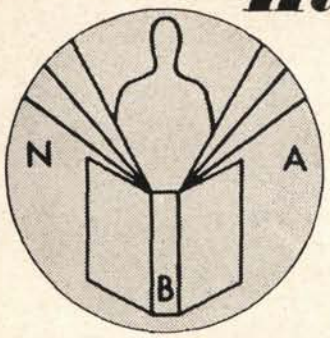

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NATIONAL BOOK AWARD

These are the leading candidates:

Fiction

Nelson Algren
WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

James Baldwin
GIOVANNI'S ROOM

Saul Bellow
SEIZE THE DAY

B. J. Chute
GREENWILLOW

A. B. Guthrie
THESE THOUSAND YEARS

John Hersey
A SINGLE PEBBLE

John Hunt
GENERATIONS OF MEN

Wright Morris
FIELD OF VISION

Edwin O'Connor
THE LAST HURRAH

J. F. Powers
THE PRESENCE OF GRACE

Elizabeth Spencer
VOICE AT THE BACK DOOR

James Thurber
FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME

Non-Fiction

Samuel Flagg Bemis
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE UNION

James M. Burns
ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX

Bruce Catton
THIS HALLOWED GROUND

William N. Chambers
OLD BULLION BENTON

Stuart Chase
GUIDE TO STRAIGHT THINKING

Arthur Holley Compton
THE ATOMIC QUEST

Frank Freidel
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE TRIUMPH

Eric Goldman
THE CRUCIAL DECADE

Kathryn Hulme
THE NUN'S STORY

Paul Murray Kendall
RICHARD III

George F. Kennan
RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR

Samuel Lubell
THE REVOLT OF THE MODERATES

Perry Miller
THE RAVEN AND THE WHALE

Lewis Mumford
TRANSFORMATIONS OF MAN

Edwin Way Teale
AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA

Robert Penn Warren
SEGREGATION

William H. Whyte, Jr.
THE ORGANIZATION MAN

Poetry

Joseph Langland in
POETS OF TODAY, III (Anthology)

Edgar Bowers
THE FORM OF LOSS

Leah B. Drake
THIS TILTING DUST

Charles Edward Eaton
GREENHOUSE IN THE GARDEN

Kenneth Fearing
NEW AND SELECTED POEMS

Katherine Hoskins
VILLA NARCISSE

Rolfe Humphries
GREEN ARMOR ON GREEN GROUND

Anne M. Lindbergh
THE UNICORN

W. S. Merwin
GREEN WITH BEASTS

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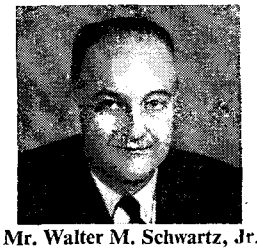
President of Proctor Electric reveals the facts about his new plant in Puerto Rico



Mr. Walter M. Schwartz, Jr.

Over 500 U. S. manufacturers have opened new plants in Puerto Rico in the past six years. The Proctor Manufacturing Corporation is one of them. Here is a report from Mr. Schwartz, President of the Proctor organization, on the progress his subsidiary plant has made.

The story of the Proctor Corporation's new venture is typical of scores of U. S. firms which have expanded their operations to Puerto Rico. Note the facts well. Then make your own deductions.

Q. Mr. Schwartz, what does your Puerto Rican plant make?

A. Electric irons. Our plant in Puerto Rico produces all our irons, and production is now at capacity. However, Proctor irons are so well accepted by consumers in the U. S., we can't keep up with orders.

Q. When did you set up shop in Puerto Rico?

A. About three years ago. But since then we have more or less doubled the size of our operation. We now have at least 200 workers and we plan to expand even more.

Q. What do you think of Puerto Ricans as employees?

A. The facts speak for themselves. Many key positions next to Mr. Robert Ransone, top executive of our Puerto Rico plant, are filled by Puerto Ricans —for example, the production manager, the quality control engineer and the traffic manager. Among the employees who have been with the company for two years, only *three* have left. Absenteeism is below 3%.

Q. Did you have any difficulty training Puerto Ricans?

A. Mr. Ransone reports no trouble at all. Over 80% of our personnel are high-school graduates and bilingual. Maybe their training did take a little longer than the average in Philadelphia. But Bob Ransone puts that down to unfamiliarity. We have always ended up with good, reliable workers.

Q. Has your Puerto Rican plant been profitable?

A. Definitely. Our figures are not spectacular, since we stopped production several times for re-tooling. But in spite of this, we made a fair profit in 1956. We didn't have to pay *any taxes* on this profit and we regard the result as satisfactory. We should do even better this year. Our irons are selling like hot cakes and we are already working two shifts.

Q. Why did your company choose Puerto Rico as a plant site?

A. Four major things influenced our decision. One—the availability of willing and intelligent labor. Two—the tax exemption program. Three—the help given by the Commonwealth in providing a suitable building in a good location. Four—the Government assistance in training and staffing the whole operation. But, now we are all set up, the thing we appreciate most is the wonderful business atmosphere of Puerto Rico.

Q. How does Mr. Ransone like living in Puerto Rico?

A. Bob Ransone loves the place. He would like to stay there for good. However, I think he's a bit biased. You see, he suffered terribly from arthritis. And now he says it has disappeared completely. What's more his wife and family like Puerto Rico, too. Mrs. Ransone is delighted with the schools and says the open-air life is doing her children a world of good. All in all, I would say we have a very happy family there.

NOTE: For further information on the advantages of Puerto Rico as a plant site—and for details of the remarkable 100% tax exemption program—mail coupon below, or call the nearest office of the Economic Development Administration (Commonwealth of Puerto Rico).

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Editor-at-Large

Twenty-five years ago there was published in this country the first novel of a young English writer. It had a modest sale and quickly went out of print.

Among those who bought the first edition were many who cherished it greatly. They talked about it constantly, recommended it highly and gradually built up an audience of devoted enthusiasts. In recent years it has become a much sought after item in second-hand bookshops, where it has sold at premium prices.

The novel was called "His Monkey Wife," and its author was John Collier, who has since achieved an international reputation for his short stories.

The book has been brought back into print by Doubleday. It is the story of a most unusual triangle: a missionary teacher in the Congo, a British society belle and a girl chimpanzee. It is a light-hearted, witty story which I am sure is going to find today the audience it deserved to have back in 1931.

When it first appeared the reviewer in the New York *Herald-Tribune* wrote: "'His Monkey Wife' is a book with which to choose your friends. I shall choose mine among those who share my excitement for this extraordinary first novel."

Similarly, I can assure you that, if you are a friend of mine, you will like "His Monkey Wife." And if you like "His Monkey Wife," you're a friend of mine.

And remember: never, never underestimate the power of a chimpanzee.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"His Monkey Wife" ($3.75) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of "Fancies and Goodnights" ($4), a collection of 49 of John Collier's finest short stories. Doubleday has also just reissued "The Magician" ($3.75), one of the best early novels of W. Somerset Maugham. All of these books may be obtained from your bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 921 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minn.

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MARCH 9, 1957
Cover Photograph by Patrick Mathews

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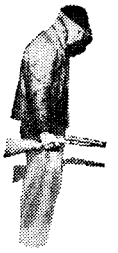

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

RUEFUL COMMUNIQUE from Peter Marchant, of Wayne University in Detroit: "I have been instructing two Freshman English classes in that early work of the realistic school, Frank Norris's 'McTeague.' To bring it closer to them, I arranged for a classroom audio-visual showing of the famous Von Stroheim silent film from the book, 'Greed,' courtesy of that same Museum of Modern Art Film Library which has provided Messrs. Perelman and Sid Caesar with so much food for satire.

"I should have been warned by P. and C. as to what time can do to a film classic, but I plunged ahead, guided by my recollections of the great effects obtained by Von Stroheim when he took his cameras out of the studios for the first time into both San Francisco and Death Valley. Then, too, I remembered Dreiser's emphatic plug for the film in his introduction to the old Doubleday gift edition of 'McTeague.' So I told the students they were about to witness a masterpiece, and away we went.

"Reasonable decorum was maintained until the key scene, in which a deadly serious Zasu Pitts, as the pitiful heroine, made her romantic pitch to an equally glum hero. That's where they flashed the sub-title, 'Let's go and sit by the sewer.'

"My command of the classroom has been seriously dented, and my critical

sense suspect ever since. My advice to other teachers: insist upon a preview before you revive oldtime 'classics'!"

FROM ROLLIN STEINMETZ, CO-AUTHOR OF "The Amish Year": "A friend told me yesterday he watched an Amishman looking through my new book at a local shop. He seemed quite interested, and finally a clerk asked if he wouldn't like to buy a copy. 'How much?' asked the Amishman. 'Five dollars,' said the clerk. 'For *one*?' gasped the Amishman.

"This is very Amish indeed. My friend did not wait to see if the sale was consummated."

FROM DAVID BURNETT, OF COMMERCE Street, New York: "I noticed in a recent Drama Section of *The New York Times* that Edward Everett Tanner III, who wrote the book, insists there is no Auntie Mame. Having en-

joyed a long acquaintance with Miss Tanner, E.E.'s only and amazing aunt, it gave me something of a start.

"I went around to Bank Street where the mythical lady owns her non-existent house. Well, she's not as young as Mame was, but a damned sight spritelier—as endearingly outré as ever, her caprices still collectable as nucleii for novels: Dachine Rainer's 'Room at the Inn,' undisguisedly, for one, and several more a-borning in the Village.

"Now a soul that spirited, whose escapading provides so much literary lore and bread n' butter, really shouldn't have her existence begrudged. And if anyone is legendary, how about Patrick Dennis-Virginia Rowens-Barbara Hooton who creates best sellers from 'a froth of whipped cream and champagne and daydreams and Nuit de Noel perfume?'

"As for perfume, she's still chic enough for Schiaparelli's Shocking, but she doesn't mind the rest—about being a ghost and all. Most everyone who matters knows her and others will have to believe what they like. Unless—she may have been joking—she slows down enough to write a book about Nephew Edward."

FROM SAMUEL MANN, OF OZONE PARK, N. Y.: "Back in 1908 Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States, and I was a boy of fifteen. Dr. Orison Swett Marden was one of the literary greats of the period and my friend Joe and I were two of his most ardent fans.

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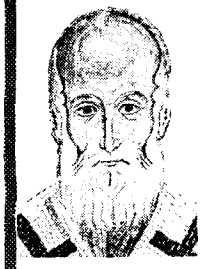

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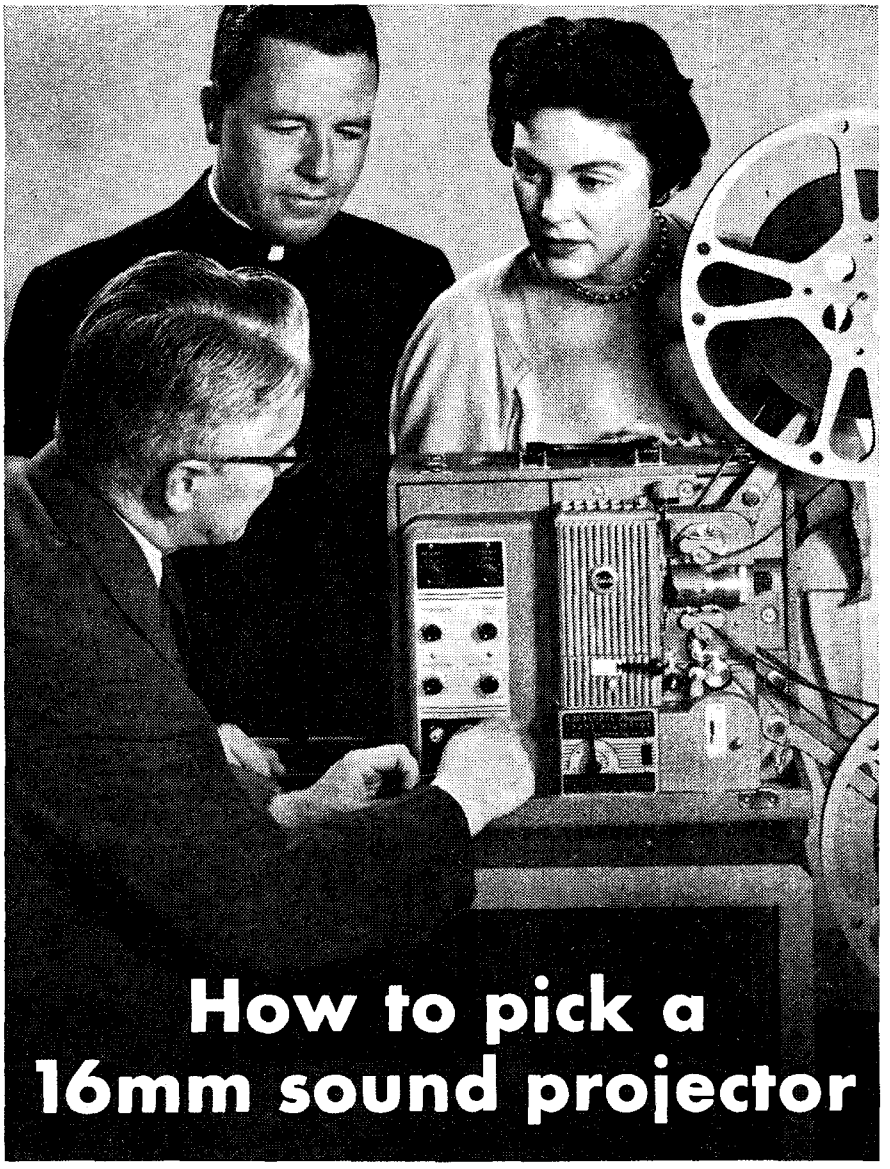

How to pick a 16mm sound projector

Business, school, and church leaders who know the value of films, also know the importance of the right projector.

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1. Is it easy to set up? You'll want a machine that even an inexperienced operator can handle with *confidence*. Try the Kodascope Pageant 16mm Sound Projector. It has hinged reel arms, attached drive belts, and film path printed on the machine.

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"One day Joe captured Dr. Marden's autograph by the simple trick of writing and asking for it. The reply he received was a brief, formal note, but it bore the great Dr. Marden's signature in his *own handwriting,* and that was prize enough for Joe.

"Envious, I hurried home and spent the rest of the day composing a letter of my own to Dr. Marden. To my happy surprise, the doctor not only sent me a warm reply, but invited me to visit him at his 23rd Street office where, among other things, he functioned as editor of *Success* magazine, one of the leading periodicals of the time.

"Dressed in my Sunday best, I happily told Dr. Marden of my hopes and ambitions. Suddenly his face lit up with a broad smile, and he told me, 'I've got something to show *you*!'

"Obviously excited, he took a letter from the top drawer of his desk and handed it to me. The printed heading read, 'White House, Washington, D.C.' Before I could read further, Dr. Marden pointed to the signature and

almost shouted, 'There it is: the great Teddy Roosevelt's signature in his *own* handwriting!'

"The similarity between Dr. Marden's behavior and that of my friend Joe amused me, and I thought (though I didn't say it), 'Gosh, if I ever should meet President Roosevelt, I wonder whose autograph *he'd* rave about' . . ."

ASKED BY THEIR PUBLISHERS TO supply an "author's note" for the jacket of a revised edition of their highly successful "Fun With Science," dead-panned Mae and Ira Freeman almost smuggled the following spoof past a somnolent copyreader: "Mae and Ira Freeman are the pen names of Hepsibah and Marmaduke Lautenschlager-Cacciatore, in that order. Mrs. Freeman is a graduate of Miss Oldfeather's Academy and has an advanced degree from Mount Avidly. She has toured the United States and Europe with the road company of 'Cuties of '50 (and over).'

"Dr. Freeman spent some time at Leavenworth and studied for several years in Vain. He is eminently qualified to write children's books, having contributed important articles to such publications as *Wow!* and *The Tonsorial Review.*

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"'Children today,' say the Freemans, 'are full of whimsy. It's a pleasure to write for the little morons. It gives us such a sense of absolute futility.'

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FROM JOE GARRETSON, of the *Cincinnati Times-Star*: "Maybe you haven't heard the story about the Johnson family with seven children who were very delinquent in their attendance at the Baptist Church. The good ladies of the church called on them and the Johnsons said they couldn't come to church because they didn't have the clothes. So the Baptist ladies fitted them out in fine style, but the following Sunday no Johnsons turned up at church. The Baptist ladies went round indignantly to demand how come. 'We put on all those fine clothes you sent,' explained Mrs. Johnson, 'and we looked so elegant we went to the Episcopal Church!'"

JOHN STRALEY HAS A NEW STORY, TOO. It's about a nearsighted Park Avenue doctor who broke his glasses one morning just before a new patient was announced. Hoping to bluff his way through, he boomed, "Glad to see you again, Miss Er—Umpph. What seems to be bothering you?"

The young lady told her story while the doctor scribbled some notes on his pad. "Could be serious," he announced. "Better take off enough so I can examine you." When she reappeared, he poked an exploratory finger here and there and sighed, "Those ribs—sticking out that way—I don't like it a bit."

"Listen, Doctor," said the young lady. "If it's all the same to you, pay some attention to me—and stop fiddling with that venetian blind."

—Bennett Cerf.

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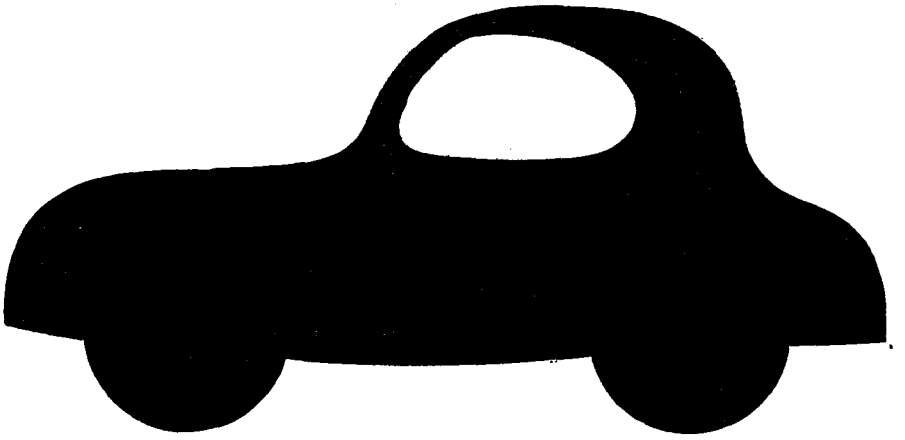

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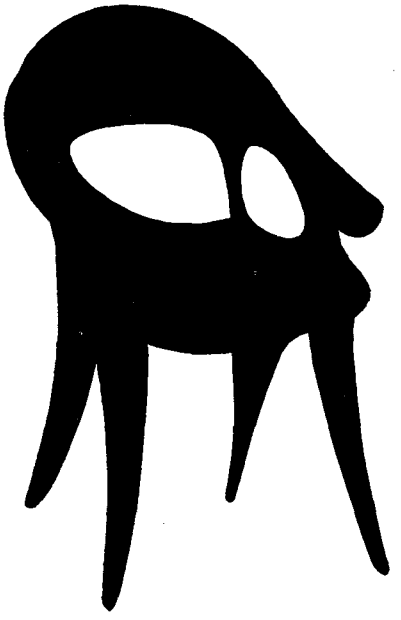

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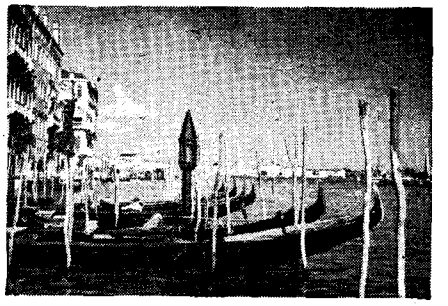
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Show Biz

PRINCE OF FUNNY MEN: Comedian Joe E. Brown has never become the darling of the intelligentsia. His cavernous mouth, and the pagan yell that emerges from it, have not been analyzed, as have the gifts of Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, or Fred Allen. But if this fact has brought distress to Joe E. (for Evan), it is not apparent in his autobiography **"Laughter Is a Wonderful Thing"** (A. S. Barnes, $4.95). Instead, he looks back on sixty-four years which have satisfied him completely. Joe was ten years old, a poor boy in Ohio, when he joined the Marvelous Ashtons, and got punished for any slips he might make by severe beatings from the leader of the troupe. Successfully bypassing school, Joe grew up through vaudeville, burlesque, and Broadway shows to become a Hollywood star earning $300,000 a year. One of the parts he played under this mighty contract was Flute in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Joe declares unashamedly that until this moment he had never heard of William Shakespeare. "Laughter Is a Wonderful Thing" is a warming book, aimed at those who respond to the covers on the *Saturday Evening Post.*

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

KING OF THE M.C.'S: Nils Thor Granlund was born in Lapland, but after a short stop in Providence, R. I., he made a notable career in Broadway (and now Hollywood) show biz as N.T.G. to millions of pioneer radio listeners and "Granny" to the night-club hangers-on of the Roaring Twenties. All this Mr. Granlund tells, with the help of Sid Feder and Ralph Hancock, in the aptly titled **"Blondes, Brunettes, and Bullets"** (David McKay, $4). Today the eyes of your old Broadwayite brim with sentimental tears as he tells how Granny acted as father-confessor and talent-discoverer for several generations of show and chorus girls (among them Ginger Rogers, Ruby Keeler, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford, and Sheree North). He also did well by men, giving first breaks to Ray Bolger, George Raft, George Jessel, and others. Because he did not hesitate (or was not afraid) to deal with the gangsters who backed the night clubs of Prohibition days, he became a top night-club impresario. Among his employers were Larry Fay and Chink Sherman (both murdered) and he was on close terms with Owney Madden, and their sinister like. His recollections are a must for anyone partial to the Roaring Twenties.

—A. C.

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The Saturday Review
MARCH 9, 1957

HAS AMERICA LOST ITS SENSE OF HUMOR?

An earlier generation of American thought a misspelled or misused word as funny as a pratfall. If error could be spun out into long chains of solecism—delivered by a recent immigrant, or an unenlightened ex-slave, or a hillbilly just down from the Ozarks—it was uproarious. Whether Hot and Cold Wars have transformed us into a nation of sobersides is hard to say, but it's the rare modern American who will crack a smile at what Mr. Florance here presents as the humor of our grandfathers.

Petroleum V. Nasby, Mark Twain and Josh Billings.
—Bettmann.

By HOWARD FLORANCE

"THE rite length tu cut oph a dog's tale has never yet bin diskovered, but it iz somewhere bak of his ears provided yu git the dog's consent."

That sort of writing went over big in this country 100 years ago. American wit and humor depended for a long time upon two tricks in writing: crude phonetic misspelling and the use of the wrong word. These devices brought fame and fortune to writers and often carried them onto the lecture platform. But what would we think of such humor now?

The quotation is from the writings of Henry Wheeler Shaw, who in 1860 began to call himself "Josh Billings." Josh was not the first of these whimsical characters, though he has come more solidly down through the years. His immediate predecessor in popularity was "Artemus Ward," a raconteur created by Charles F. Browne in 1858. Shaw was a crackerbox philosopher or essayist; Browne made a pretense of being a news commentator.

Shaw, for example, wrote about homely things such as the mule, the hen, the goat. Browne took for his topics such then-current phenomena as woman suffrage, spiritualism, Mormonism; and Browne's Artemus Ward got quickly to the lecture platform from one end of the country to the other and even in London, while Josh Billings's originator stuck more closely to magazine writing and to books.

Both these humorists relied upon grotesque spelling. A little earlier was the reign of Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber, a printer's devil, compositor, journeyman printer who in 1847 created the character he called "Mrs. Partington." Shillaber's style rested upon the use of the wrong word rather than upon crazy spelling. Mrs. Partington was a delightful soul whose heart was far in advance of her grammar and her choice of words. She sent her husband off to church, "where the gospel is dispensed with." And on a visit to a lawyer she cautioned in advance against doing anything "by power of eternity."

Shillaber didn't invent that wrong-word style. He was close to seventy-five years behind Sheridan's "Mrs. Malaprop" in "The Rivals"; and Sheridan in turn came along 175 years after Shakespeare's "Dogberry" in "Much Ado About Nothing." "Our watch," Constable Dogberry proclaims, "have comprehended two auspicious persons." Later in the same scene he declares—as Mrs. Partington

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or Mrs. Malaprop might have—that "comparisons are odorous."

Dogberry, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Partington all used the wrong word. Shakespeare and Sheridan were, of course, writing plays; they were manufacturing their humor for a listening audience. Artemus Ward and his followers, with their fantastic spelling, appealed to the eye rather than to the ear: "My naburs is mourn harf crazy." There is nothing funny in that except the spelling. In spite of this, by his choice of topics Browne and his Artemus Ward became extremely popular as a lecturer. He went to Utah, for example, when cross-country travel was difficult, and there developed a lecture on Brigham Young and the Mormons. He went to London to tell Englishmen about the Mormons and to write home about the Prince of Wales, the Tower of London, the British Museum.

One may well suspect that Artemus Ward's visits with Lincoln, Grant, Brigham Young, the Prince of Wales, and other celebrities of the day were quite as imaginary as the dialogue that ensued. Of his visit with the Prince of Wales, he wrote: "The time hevin arove fur me to take my departur, I sed: 'Albert Edard, I must obsarve that you soot me. Yure a good feller. When you get to be King, try & be as good a man as yure muther has bin!' "

Outside the palace "the guard ceased holt of me in indigent circumstances." And the visitor pondered: "If the guard shood happen to insert a baronet into my stummick it mite be onplesunt." Here Artemus Ward belongs to the school founded by Dogberry and followed by Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Partington.

Artemus Ward was more personal—or more impudent—in his report of a visit to the home of Mormonism: "In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt that it takes six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't du it only onct a yere, & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um. About every child he meats calls him Par."

AFTER leaving "the Profit," Artemus Ward relates that he was "overtuk by a large krowd of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & several puttin thare arms round me in luvin style. 'Wiltist thou not tarry here in the Promist Land?' sed several of the meserabil critters. 'Ile see you essenshally cussed be4 I wiltist!' roared I."

It was all convulsively humorous at the time, and the reading or listening audience well knew that the author was spoofing them utterly. It was permitted in those days to hold minorities up to ridicule.

Browne died at thirty-three, on his lecture trip to London. His mantle fell somewhat easily upon Henry W. Shaw. Helped by Browne, Shaw had already created the character still widely known as "Josh Billings."

—Bettmann.

Eugene Field—"the last."

Josh was on safer ground. Instead of satirizing people and cults he directed his barbs at household pets and barnyard animals. For example:

"I have studdyed cats clussly for years, and have found tha haint got affekshun, nor vartues ov any kind. If i was tew have mi choise between a cat and a striped snake, i would take the snake bekause i could git rid ov the snake bi letting him go.... Theze are mi views abouut cats, rather hastily hove together, and if i haint said enuff agin them it iz onla bekause i lack the informashun."

Or these bits from his essay on "The Goat": "Their moral karakters are not polished, they had rather steal a rotten turnip out of a garbage-box than tew cum honestly bi a pek ov oats. They are alwus poor in the boddy but phatt in the stummick. The milk, whitch is extrakated from the female gote, iz excellent tew finish up yung ones on."

One more quote from Josh Billings: "The mule is haf hoss and haf jackass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake." This was double-barreled humor, that tickled the eye as well as the ear.

There was so much of this kind of humorous writing in the Civil War and postwar era that the reader became adept at decoding it. "That nite I perposed and she rejectid my soot." ... "I wuz a Dimekrat becoz those in the speer in which I moved wuz." ...

—Bettmann.

Mr. Dooley: "Ye're me Circulation. Ye're Small, Hinnissy, but ye're Silict."

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"My father know'd all my carakteristics ez well ez tho he hed bin the friend uv my buzzum." These are samples from the writings of "Petroleum V. Nasby," creature of the pen of David R. Locke, whose satirical comments appeared in newspapers and books during the Reconstruction years.

Much later came Finley Peter Dunne and his "Mr. Dooley." Dunne was a Chicago newspaper editor and Mr. Dooley began to emit his sage observations on politics and social affairs during the Spanish-American War. He carried on the tradition of crazy spelling but only because his literary brainchild was the familiar Irish-American of that day. And in those very same years E. W. Townsend was putting the chatter of "Chimmie Fadden" into phonetic spelling to get across to the reader the vernacular of the Bowery.

To appreciate this piece of homely philosophy by Mr. Dooley, keep in mind the time it was written—the era of the carriage and the horseless carriage: "A rich man at spoort is a kind iv non-union laborer," said Mr. Dooley. "If 'tis fun to wurruk, why not do some rale wurruk? If 'tis spoort to run an autymobill, why not run a locymotive? If dhrivin' a horse and cart is a game, why not dhrive a delivery wagon? I s'pose th' raison a rich man can't undherstand why wages shud go higher is because th' rich can't see why annybody shud be paid f'r annything so amusin' as wurruk."

Eugene Field, columnist of the *Chicago Record* at the turn of the century, might be called the last of those who used phonetic spelling to get laughs; and his was only an occasional lapse. In his essay on "The Cyclopeedy" he wrote about a man who agreed to buy a set and take "one uv the volyumes ez often ez a new one wuz printed." For a year or two only "the fust volyume stood on a shelf in the old sekertary." When the owner looked for information about varieties of apples he read: "See Pomology" and when a baby arrived in his household he was instructed to "See Maternity." Both were volumes he wouldn't receive for years. The frustrated man was on his deathbed when the final volume was delivered to him. Again there was humor in the spelling as well as in the plot.

Rather difficult to read now, this humor of fifty and 100 years ago, but the folks loved it at the time. The nights were longer then, for there were few magazines to read, no radio to listen to, no television to watch. There was time to chuckle over each misspelled word.

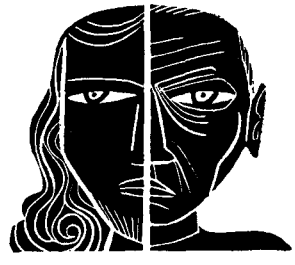
THE MODEL, THE PRINCE, AND THE CIVILIZATION

Two Tales of Warning

By LOUIS J. HALLE

I CLAIM no originality for the two following tales. The source of the first, however, is unknown to me.

An Italian painter, having undertaken to paint the Last Supper, looked about his town for models. He found a youth with a face of rare spiritual nobility and painted him as Christ. He found a vigorous workman for Peter. He found a Doubting Thomas. In time he found models for all the other disciples as well, except only one. Nowhere could he find a Judas, and so the painting had to remain unfinished. But the painter never ceased his search and at last, many years later, he was rewarded. He found his Judas sitting at a table in a café—a face ravaged by indulgence, bad conscience in the eyes, a mouth that betrayed weakness. Tempting



this man with money, the painter brought him to his studio and set to work.

At the final sitting, as the painter was applying his finishing touches, the model surprised him by bursting into tears.

"You don't know me, do you?" the model asked.

"No," said the painter, "I don't."

"You never saw me before?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"I am the man," said the model, "who once sat for your Christ."

• • •

MY second story was told, I think, by H. G. Wells. I tell it here in my own way.

An Indian prince was robbed by death of the bride whom he loved more than life. Determined to erect a memorial that would adequately represent her loveliness and purity, he had the best artist in his realm carve an alabaster tomb so exquisite that it became an object of pilgrimage from all over his principality. The prince visited the tomb every day, spending hours there in meditation. At the end of a year, however, he began to be conscious of some slight dissatisfaction. Wonderful as this work was, it still could not adequately express his loss. So he sent for the finest artists in India to come to his principality, and they raised over the tomb a pavilion that became the most famous monument in all India.

Five years now passed and the prince began to feel, again, that the beauty of the memorial still did not match the wonder of his own love. So this time he sent for the greatest artists and artisans in the world, and they built a mausoleum larger than any palace that ever had been in India. Its central chamber was a hall of marble so vast one hardly saw across it, so high its ceiling was lost in distance. In the course of the years this monument became one of the wonders of the wide world. The tourist traffic had to be organized, inns erected, guides furnished, and tickets sold.

Daily, now, the prince and his architect paced the galleries above its inner chamber, looking down into the hall where tourists came and went like ants across the marble floor. This, at last, seemed to the prince a memorial adequate to his royal feelings.

But not quite. As the years passed he became aware of something that troubled him still, some grain of imperfection yet remaining, some blemish which he could not at first identify. Pacing the high galleries one day, it suddenly came to him what this blemish was. He turned to his architect and pointed down to the original tomb, still standing in the middle of the marble floor like a satchel forgotten by some traveler. "Remove that thing!" he said.

• • •

A FAMOUS ornithologist came to the town in which I live to show his motion-pictures of birds in the wild,

(*Continued on page* 44)

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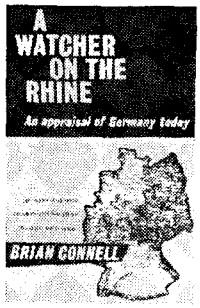

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"A WATCHER ON THE RHINE"

Author: Brian Connell

By QUINCY HOWE, *author of "The World History of Our Times."*

THE PATTERN of the later 1930s repeats itself, twenty years later, as the quality of journalism in the English-speaking world rises in direct proportion to the decline of Anglo-American statesmanship. Brian Connell, born in 1916, studied in Germany before the last war, fought in Germany during it, and covered Germany for newspapers in his native Britain afterward. A year ago he imposed on himself the assignment of writing an on-the-spot account of postwar Germany, to which he has brought mastery of his subject-matter, a poetic, epigrammatic style, and a capacity for moral indignation, tempered by humor and tenderness. In "A Watcher on the Rhine: An Appraisal of Germany Today" (Morrow, $4), he does not tell a chronological story; neither does he present a succession of cut-and-dried essays. Rather, he has developed an original technique that sometimes spotlights a single topic and sometimes flashes back over wide areas of recent German history.

It took but twenty years for Germany to recover so completely from the defeat of 1918 that Hitler could launch a far wider program of conquest than the Kaiser had attempted, only to suffer a far worse defeat. Now, ten years later, Germany has given a second demonstration of recuperative power that more than matches its second demonstration of military power. "Who can now recall the ashen faces and the dusty, shapeless clothes, the eyes out of focus with long dread of bombing, the near hysteria which sounded in a voice giving a simple traffic direction?" Mr. Connell can—and does. "All the towns with more than 50,000 inhabitants were heaps of ruins. . . . Stuttgart had suffered fifty-three air-raids and had more than half its 150,000 houses razed to the ground. . . . Pforzheim, the gold-beating and working center of Europe, lost 70,000 of its 100,000 rooms. One raid in February 1945 killed 17,500 of its 80,000 inhabitants."

After the fighting ended, the Russians avenged themselves in East Germany for the greater sufferings that a larger number of their people had undergone, in a wider area, at German hands. The Red Army delivered over to Poland territories inhabited by ten million Germans, of whom seven million made their way to West Germany, which also accommodated most of the three and a half million Sudeten Germans driven from Czechoslovakia. For the past ten years Germans from the Russian-controlled eastern zone of the country have poured into West Germany at the rate of 25,000 a month. Today 18 per cent of the population of West Germany consists of refugees, and 90 per cent of these refugees live as well as they did before war in the lands from which they came.

Industry, discipline, and organization account for most of what has happened, and if the Germans, in defeat, have not forgotten the virtues of hard work, they have learned little new. "Sheer amnesia," writes Mr. Connell, "seems to afflict the whole nation. In the whole of my years in Germany, I do not think I have heard more than half a dozen honestly admitted confessions of responsibility for Hitler." Indeed, many Germans blame the British and French for not having saved Germany from Hitler before Munich. "The concentration camps are never mentioned, except as a somewhat obscene aberration of a political machine of which the Germans were as much the victims as anyone else." Sometimes Hitler is blamed for having lost the war by giving his generals the wrong orders; sometimes the generals are blamed for having lost the war because they did not oust Hitler.

But Mr. Connell does not indict a whole people. He finds much to praise in the character and record of Chancellor Adenauer. In the Social Democrats and their leaders he sees promise of a better future. Time is of the essence. "The federal German government desperately needs another decade in which to consolidate."

The Western world has no choice

THE AUTHOR: Forty-one-year-old Brian Connell has been watching Germany on and off since 1936, when he was a student in Berlin. His present vantage point is just across the Rhine from Bonn, in Niederdollensdorf-am-Rhein, where he lives with his wife, the former Esme Mackenzie, whom he met while he was an officer in the Royal Marines and she was a WRNS officer. His training for his postwar career as one of Britain's foremost foreign correspondents and political commentators started almost as soon as he left Brighton Grammar School in 1933. He spent the years from then until 1936 as a student in Madrid, where he learned Spanish well enough to serve as a political commentator in Spanish on the B.B.C. overseas service, on which he has also broadcast in German and French. Then came a year in Berlin, and after that a job as a foreign exchange broker in London. In 1939 he found his *métier* when he joined the Reuters agency in the Far East. He was serving in Indo-China when he was captured by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor day. When he was released by the Japanese, he joined the Royal Navy.

His special talents as an observer of the international scene quickly brought him an assignment to intelligence work as a Royal Marine commando officer, and he participated in the D-day landing and the North European campaign. After the war, Mr. Connell was successively bureau chief in Germany for the London *Daily Mail*, head of the *News Chronicle* current affairs bureau, and a popular commentator in England's fast-growing television industry.

Busy as he has been with his newspaper and broadcasting work, Mr. Connell has managed to write, edit, and translate a large number of books in the last few years. He attributes his speed as a writer to the fact that he cannot compose on the typewriter, and therefore must dictate, either to his wife (who types his words directly), or into a wire recorder. Organizing his notes under chapter headings, he thus talks his way through them at the rate of about five thousand words a day, producing a draft that needs only routine styling to be ready for the printer. By employing these efficient methods he has produced in the last ten years books on the Mountbatten family, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lord Palmerston, and Adolf Hitler (in collaboration with Ernst ("Putzi") Hanfstaengl). When he has time to stand aside from this stream of words, he likes to go skiing, sailing, or skin-diving. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

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but to give "this turbulent and unbalanced nation an opportunity of finding equilibrium."

The most readable pages of "A Watcher on the Rhine" deal with West Germany, its political leaders and parties, its economic and social policies, and its people. But the most revealing pages deal with the less familiar subject of the so-called Democratic Republic to the east. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Connell couples personal observation with factual information. The cream of the Junker aristocracy in the Prussian Officers' Corps has taken orders from the Kremlin as no Quisling or Laval ever took orders from Hitler. Their Russian masters have dressed them in uniforms of traditional cut and color, but such faithful Party wheelhorses as Pieck and Ulbricht have proved more serviceable than von Seydlitz and von Paulus. Of East Germany's seventeen million inhabitants more than a million belong to the Communist Party and most of these enjoy a better life than most of their fellows. But the foundations of the regime rest on 400,000 Soviet troops and airmen stationed in East German territory. Although the Russians stripped East Germany of so much of its industrial equipment that steel production fell to 180,000 tons a year, steel output has now risen to two and a half million tons. A Soviet minister at Bonn, when asked how long Russia was prepared to wait for West Germany to negotiate reunification with East Germany on Soviet terms replied: "We have time. Twenty years, thirty years." Which is two or three times as long as Mr. Connell estimates it will take the Federal Republic to consolidate itself in the west.

What most disturbs Mr. Connell in Germany's recent past is not the 40 per cent of the German people who followed Hitler but the 60 per cent who tolerated him. What most concerns him in Germany's near future is not the withering minority of fanatics but what effect some kind of set-back might have on the suggestible majority. Two crumbs of doubtful comfort occur to this reader. First, the development of nuclear and atomic weapons has deprived Germany of the advantages it enjoyed during the last two world wars. Second, the decline of Europe, the emancipation of the colonial world, and the rise of the Soviet and American super-powers raise new dangers beside which Hitler shrivels to insignificance. One hope for a better life for all is that more writers of talent and conscience will appraise these problems as brilliantly as Mr. Connell has appraised Germany today.

Shaper of the New Germany

"Adenauer," by Paul Weymar *(translated by Paul de Mendelssohn. Dutton. 509 pp. $5.95), is an authorized biography of the chancellor of the German Federal Republic. Professor Fritz Stern of Columbia, a specialist in German history, reviews it.*

By Fritz Stern

DURING his first visit to London, in December 1951, Chancellor Adenauer remarked to Sir Winston Churchill: "Today Germany is a shapeless mass which has to be remolded. What matters is whether this is done by good or bad hands." No one can doubt that the hands that have remolded postwar Germany have been those of Adenauer; hence the authorized biography, by Paul Weymar, of Germany's most successful modern statesman possesses considerable historical importance.

As official biographer, Mr. Weymar had access not only to Adenauer's private and official files, but to his family, friends, and foes, as well. Some sections of the book were dictated by the Chancellor himself, and the entire book bears his authentic imprint. It is a sober, informative account of his career, neither adulatory nor particularly critical.

The first seventy years of his life—from 1876 to 1945—take up less than a third of the book, yet despite the compression, the character and achievement of Adenauer emerge clearly. From 1917 to 1933, he was the highly successful, though not always popular, mayor of Cologne; even then he was the austere, shrewd, and superbly self-assured executive. With Hitler's rise to power, Adenauer's career was abruptly ended. The devout Catholic would not retreat an inch from his contemptuous rejection of the impious Nazi movement. After a few months as a refugee in a monastery, Adenauer retired to a small Rhenish village, cultivated his garden, read, and invented modern gadgets. Following the coup of July 20, he was arrested by the Gestapo, and he and his wife were made to suffer some of the vilest mental tortures which the Nazi system could inflict.

In 1945, at the moment of Germany's prostration and moral bankruptcy, Adenauer began the final stage of his career. Despite many reversals, including a second ouster as mayor of Cologne, this time by the British Military Government, he fought his way to the top and imposed his leadership on a growing number of more or less reluctant Germans. He helped organize a new party, the C.D.U., which for the first time in Germany united Catholics and Protestants in a Christian-Democratic party, and before long the party accepted his decision to become its head. His political zeal proved inexhaustible; he presided over the parliamentary body that drafted the Bonn Constitution, dominated the C.D.U.'s first electoral campaign of 1949, and emerged in the end as the first chancellor of the new republic, elected by a majority of one vote, his own.

For the next six years he had to contend with the victorious Allies, who were understandably reluctant to dismantle their power in Germany, and with the defeated Germans, many of whom had already forgotten that they had lost the war. To the Allies Adenauer often appeared as an unreconstructed German nationalist; among his countrymen he was often denounced, by Kurt Schumacher for example, as "the Federal Chancellor of the Allies." Pastor Niemoeller charged that Bonn had been conceived in Rome and born in Washington. Adenauer pursued his lonely road, pleading with the Allies, occasionally

(*Continued on page* 42)

—*Wide World.*

Konrad Adenauer—". . . austere."

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The Education of an Educator

"To Make a World," by Theodore Morrison *(Viking. 408 pp. $4.50), is the story of the initiation of a young academic administrator into the mysterious ways of charity. Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton University's English department reviews it.*

By Carlos Baker

ONLY four or five American novelists are apparently capable of writing seasoned, mature, serious fiction like this latest book of Theodore Morrison's. The roster would include James Gould Cozzens, J. P. Marquand, Gerald Warner Brace, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and not many more. They know, with Morrison, that it takes all kinds to make a world, and they have learned how to balance humor and irony, wonder and tolerance, in fictional structures that repay exploration.

They know, further, that both social good and social evil arise inevitably out of the conflicting interests and devotions which each man (or woman) follows out, without expectation of conflict, in doing as well as he can what he conceives to be his job. They know that the great abstractions—justice, for example, or faith or charity—can have real meaning for men only as they are met, incarnated, and comprehended (usually piecemeal) within the human context. For it is in the context that they originate, and it is in the context that they must be understood. Provided, of course, that they are genuinely understood at all, and there is never any guarantee that they will be.

"The Stones of the House," Morrison's first novel, explored the implications of justice—"What good does it do to do good?"—through Andy Aiken, acting president of Rowley University in a middle-sized New England city. Morrison's second, "To Make a World," might be thought of either as a sequel to the first or as the next leg of a trilogy-in-the-making. It centers on the fortunes, good and bad but mainly good, of young Sam Norris, administrative assistant to President Aiken, married, with two children, housed on a modest salary in Faculty Row, roughly a thousand dollars above the threadbare status. Sam is a level-headed trouble-shooter in an educational milieu where complications erupt as inexorably as they do in other avenues of human endeavor.

As the novel opens, Sam is coming down the steps of the Administration Building with a new assignment. "Here's a letter I hope you can do something about," his president has just told him. "It won't wait, as you can see." The letter is from an outfit called The Disaster Clinic. Its task is to plan intelligently for the chaos which can be expected if enemy bombers should ever succeed in laying radioactive eggs in urban nests along the eastern seaboard. Sam's immediate problem is to develop a suitable liaison between the clinic and his university.

But in solving it Sam is drawn into the quiet vortex of a new and glittering world, a charitable foundation endowed with many millions by an aged philanthropist named Isaiah Stoughton and directed by the suave, self-assured Fiske Somers. Somers's portrait is sharply drawn: he is a man with a mission as high in the possibilities of social benefit as the putative mission of enemy planes could be in social destruction. But he is also human, as Sam and his wife, Mary, discover when they move gradually in towards the center of the operation and as gradually out again. It takes a suicide, a hurricane, a marital failure not their own, and a dozen other enthralling complications before they discover that there is something else than gold among the glitter. What they learn, lose, and gain in the process is Morrison's story, and it is a good one. It adds up to nothing less than an education, for Sam and for us, in the multiple meanings of charity.

If all this sounds dull, the impression is wrong. Morrison the novelist is man enough to scorn the adolescent puerilities and sensational deifications which serve our flashier fictioneers as stock in trade. Nor is his work in any sense a *roman à clef* pertaining to Harvard, where he has taught since 1930. The human interest of "To Make a World" emerges from the clash of full-formed personalities in credible situations. The best tribute to Morrison's narrative power is that we are unwittingly the wiser for having read his book.

—Jacket drawing by Milton Glazer for "Pnin."

Po Amerikanski

"Pnin," by Vladimir Nabokov *(Doubleday. 191 pp. $3.50), chronicles the adventures of a peripatetic and engaging Russian whose lot it is to teach at various American colleges.*

By Walter Havighurst

PROFESSOR TIMOFEY PNIN teaches Russian language and literature in Waindell College (his pronunciation makes it Vandal College) in upper New York state, where he is a source of indulgent amusement for his colleagues. He is a source of a rare kind of pleasure for any reader of Vladimir Nabokov's very funny and quite touching novel, "Pnin."

We first meet Pnin (he pronounces his name like "a preposterous little explosion") with a Gladstone bag full of notes, shoe trees, apples, dictionaries. He is on the wrong train, bound for a neighboring town, where he is to lecture to the Women's Club. In his pocket he is carefully carrying the wrong lecture.

This is the first of a series of Pninian quandaries in which Nabokov observes his subject with a shrewdly understanding eye. Pnin has changed his lodgings every semester for five years; he moves twice more in the novel. He is troubled by drafts and

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noises, and he goes on hopefully searching for the perfect burrow. In a strange country—this bewildering, wonderful, erratic, unpredictable America—he is painfully on the alert for pitfalls. He guards his health, his nerves, his lecture notes; and on Tuesday afternoons he happily steals away to the library for a long session on his "Petite Histoire" that will combine Russian history, folklore, and literature. He understands that the world is based on a compromise with logic, and he makes all the allowances he can.

Old-fashioned, gentle, learned, humorless, forgetful, Professor Pnin likes his colleagues and very much wants to belong to them. He cannot understand American humor, nor tell the reading matter from the advertisement in American magazines; yet he loves to do things "po amerikanski," the American way. He has learned to use glibly terms like "wishful thinking" and "okey-dokey," but false teeth give him new trouble with his English. He is fascinated by zippers, electric clocks, washing machines. He even buys an old car, "po amerikanski," and the last we see of him he is driving away from Vandal College between two trucks.

No, not driving away—he is driven away. Despite his wariness he has been overtaken by the worst disaster: He has lost his job—this little man who is completely unworldly and completely himself, who is so much better than his betters. Vandal College has got rid of him, but all the Pnin mimics on the faculty will go on giving Pnin impersonations at their parties. Pnin himself said, "The history of man is the history of pain." That is the history of Pnin.

The novel is episodic, a series of sketches, really, and not all of them equally deft. But the best ones make you sore with laughter, and then they make you sorry. No one can read this book without becoming a Pnin man.

Innocents Abroad

"Fifth Daughter," by Hal C. Gurney *(Doubleday. 422 pp. $4.50), is the story of an Army entertainment director and his efforts—successful in at least one case—to bring the Americans and Okinawans together.*

By Preston Schoyer

THE large-scale stationing of Americans in the Far East since World War II has inevitably resulted in a clash of cultures and attitudes which often affects adversely the very principles which inspire our overseas operations. There is already a considerable literature of this condition, and if it is as effective as Hal C. Gurney's novel, "Fifth Daughter," it ought to be made required reading for those in charge of dumping semieducated Americans into antique Oriental lands as occupation forces and/or missionaries for democracy. On behalf of the Americans it can be said that few of them wanted to go overseas in the first place, let alone be conquerors or missionaries. Still, one might hope that most of them would have that kind of pride in their country which would make them want to inspire respect. Perhaps this is too much to expect of the rank and file, but it shouldn't be too much to expect of the officers and administrators. Yet all too often they are among the most indifferent and intolerant and therefore most abusive of Oriental sensibilities.

Mr. Gurney's perceptive novel, his first, sheds sharp and welcome light on such problems. His locale is Okinawa, where our military hold sway. The story is a simple one, based largely on the author's own experiences, one supposes, for like his hero he was an entertainment director in Okinawa. Steven Ryan is anxious to start a local theatre which will bring Okinawans and Americans together. He hopes this effort will contribute toward greater understanding between conqueror and conquered. It appears doomed, however, by official indifference until accidentally rescued by his pretty servant girl, Sumico Hayashi. She is the "fifth daughter" of the title and of the Hayashi family, which has suffered more than most during the war. Like Ryan, she is looking for understanding, but with a different motive. She longs for release from the destructive hate, distrust, and futility which characterize her peoples' attitude toward the Americans. In due course she finds this understanding and in the process wins the love of her employer.

If the plot is a slim one, the story is still absorbing, primarily because of the author's superb re-creation of life at a local army base where the generally insensitive Americans are thrown together with their chattering Okinawan servant girls. By and large the Americans have little interest in the girls except as bodies to be purchased with "presentos." It is into this tawdry, confused world that the dreaming, innocent Sumico comes on her quest for enlightenment.

The author is on less interesting ground in his portrait of Okinawan life away from the military camps. In his enthusiasm for the islanders he may have romanticized them. To this

Now Side by Side

By Donald Hall

NOW side by side they stand,
Ignorant of each other,
While Alpha sings, "O Death,
You are my brother!

"The yellow birds of morning,
Those orchestras are dead,
Who played at the beginning
Around my head.

"The sun I see is painted,
No warmth in all that air.
Now let me die and vermin
Strip the bone bare."

Beside him in this country,
Omega sings a song,
"O brother Earth, my brother,
To us belong

"The sun charging the grasses,
The birds in talk all day,
The hot sea rushing to bed
In disarray.

"At morning, the crude mountains,
Still cracking from the sea,
Loom raw beyond the mountains
Which nourish me."

These mutual trespassers
Stand side by side alone,
The neighbors of a country
Each makes his own.

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reviewer it seems doubtful that so many ordinary Okinawans would spend so much time in obscure, mystical philosophizing. But whether this is true or not, "Fifth Daughter" remains vivid and competent writing. Not many first novelists do as well.

LOEB-LEOPOLD REVISITED: One must feel a certain sense of sympathy for James Yaffe's unhappy position as the writer of **"Nothing But the Night"** (Little, Brown, $3.95), a novel which covers substantially the same material as that exploited by Meyer Levin in his best-selling "Compulsion." Both writers have chosen the tragic Loeb-Leopold case as the source-book for their works. Mr. Yaffe has updated the situation and denatured the material somewhat: *i.e.*, although Mr. Yaffe has had some critical success with his pictures of middle-class American Jewish life, the milieu he describes in his book is oddly without national or religious background—the Morrises and the Kings, families of the two murderers, are neither Jew nor Gentile—not fish nor fowl.

It is sometimes unfair to compare books on the same general theme but the comparison, in this case, is bound to be inescapable for both writers have drawn the elements of their works from the same historical bucket. What they have done with them constitutes the difference between the two books. This reviewer feels that the question of quality (always a difficult one to pin down) ought to be disposed of by saying this: that while Mr. Levin's book is not quite the towering literary achievement it is advertised to be, it is powerful enough and honest enough to throw a very deep shadow on "Nothing But the Night."

The Loeb-Leopold case is well-known enough not to need detailing here, and Mr. Yaffe has used much of it to tell the story of Barry Morris and Paul King, two brilliant high-school seniors who conspired to commit that mystical murder of a twelve-year-old boy. We have seen the tragic procession before—even to the smaller details—the planning, the fantasy of the master and the slave between the two adolescent boys, the clue of the dropped eyeglasses, the trial, the public fever, the defense. It is a hideous experience, even when it is poorly told and we bring to Mr. Yaffe's sketchy and superficial account the mass of our own emotions, our own unhappiness, our own cruel knowledge of what the final outcome must be.

We know the power of the material and we have a right to expect from the novelist that he will either render the experience more vividly or provide us with new insights of pity or hatred, of understanding or anger. Mr. Yaffe does neither. It is hard to determine just why he has failed but the evidence of his failure is very plain in the reading. This is a story which Mr. Yaffe has handled gingerly, uncertainly. It is a tragedy which demands a good deal of the reader, but even more of the writer. Mr. Yaffe either could not, or would not meet the great demands it made of him.

—David Karp.

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Pamela H. Johnson—"unerring."

—*Thomas Channing Woodbury.*

James Yaffe—"tragic procession."

LOVE AND FRUSTRATION: Pamela Hansford Johnson is one of the few English novelists who have been able through a succession of books to write of love and marriage without sentimentality or any tinge of eroticism. Her first novel, written when she was twenty-two, was aptly titled "This Bed Thy Center" and, metaphorically at least, it remains the core of the fifteen books which have followed it.

The setting for **"The Sea and the Wedding"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) is a typical, expensive, seaside resort hotel, the Moray, not far from London, inhabited by the usual collection of wealthy old couples and elderly ladies. The narrator of this tale of love and frustration is Christine Hall, a novelist. When she meets a gruff old doctor, his contentious, possessive wife, and their daughter, Celia Baird, she is soon involved in a complex and fascinating romance.

To escape from her mother, Celia had bought a small secretarial agency in London, where she met and fell in love with Eric Aveling, a handsome and successful architect whose partner, Junius Evans, is a mildly homosexual designer of exotic interiors. The Moray is a perfect setting for a love affair. After her parents have retired for the night Celia has only to run upstairs and rap on Eric's door. Marriage was impossible since Eric's wife was slowly dying of an incurable disease in a hospital a few miles from the hotel. A brilliant and beautiful woman, Lois was now a pitiful wreck whose malady unfortunately made her believe that she was on the verge of recovery.

The novel then turns to London, where Christine Hall discovers that Celia adores dingy night clubs inhabited by dubious young men and women seeking the profits of their nefarious trade. Another character, Nancy Sherriff, appears, a charming young woman whose relatives are wealthy, though her father is a frenetic man with just enough money to keep up appearances.

The gruesome visits to the bedside of poor Lois, her features reduced to the grim spectacle of a withered skull, are finally ended by her death. At this point in Pamela Johnson's novel chaos is twice confounded. Who is going to marry whom? The author offers a couple of surprises.

The heart of this extraordinary novel lies in the ability of Miss Johnson to comprehend the complexities of human relationships and the dilemma of modern woman torn between love and conscience. Moreover, her skill in portraying all the characters who surround the central theme of her story is unerring and brilliant. —Harrison Smith.

HOME VS. WANDERLUST: The inexplicable vitality of Southern fiction is again startingly demonstrated by a newcomer. South-Carolinian Vinnie Williams's first novel, **"The Fruit Tramp"**

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(Harper, $3.50), is a story of migratory fruit pickers, chiefly in Florida. As a work of art it is a distinguished failure that immediately places its author near the top of the Southern Conference ladies' handicap, one slot below Flannery O'Connor.

Although this novel is in several respects Steinbeck and branch water (an attractive and palatable mixture), in "The Fruit Tramp" the conflict is between the hobo talent, or the roving stimulus, in the male and the nesting instinct of women. It would have been enough in the first place to say that Mrs. Williams is a woman. She is interested in persons and their marriages, not in class distinctions or injustice or economic theories.

Her novel is in disrupted sonata form, starting out with a clear and interesting statement of a theme which she later decides the hell with. The book is so well written, so real in atmosphere and characterization, that it is exasperating to find a *Redbook* ending slung at one in the closing pages. The novel is ruined, as spoon bread superbly cooked would be if it were all gooed up with molasses.

Here, in short, is a major talent that may (like Mrs. Keyes's) find its public before it finds itself.

—John Cook Wyllie.

MIDDLE-CLASS MATRIMONY: Penelope Mortimer writes a spare, effective, often bitter prose tempered with intimate understanding and pointed up by occasional savage irony as she unfolds the eventless *via crucis* of middle-class married life. **"The Bright Prison"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) is, of course, marriage itself, that double yoke in which two people so often stand, sit, and lie down side by side for years without in the least sense living and growing together. Mark and Antonia Painton have not so much come to take each other for granted as mislaid each other's identity. Their roles as parents and as householders have pre-empted the place their early love wished each to reserve for the mate. Mark is the harried barrister, supporting a wife and four children, three of them girls. Antonia is the coping mother, the wife battling with a cumbersome and hideous house, impossible to heat, impossible to keep neat, clean. How many years since they have had a few days alone together? Antonia cannot at first remember, then dates it logically enough from the birth of their first child.

This story turns on a weekend when, by frightening coincidence, that long-lost solitude is thrust upon them. Antonia travels with her two younger children to leave them for a vacation with her parents; on her return to London late the same day, her second child, Charlotte, has been taken to the hospital for an appendectomy and her eldest, Georgina, has packed herself off to stay with a school friend a few blocks away.

Antonia and Mark, fortified by good news from the hospital, could at last have caught their breath, looked each other in the face. But the reprieve has come too late: Mark has wandered in sullen despondency into a messy relationship with a little tough he has met at the hospital; Antonia, momentarily beguiled by the will-o'-the-wisp of being loved for herself, turns away disenchanted when she finds that once more she is to be taken as "the mother figure."

After a crescendo of incidents of stunning credibility and impact, the brief, agonized stabs at escape are over—Antonia and Mark stumble home in silence, in acquiescence. They are kept together not only by their children but by a series of inadvertencies which, Mrs. Mortimer seems to be saying, play the decisive role in the acceptance of the marriage pattern.

Commenting on Penelope Mortimer's earlier novel, "A Villa in Summer," one critic praised the author's sharp eye "for precisely how little love, marriage, and parenthood have to do with one another." This devastating insight marks every line of "The Bright Prison," yet the novel is not defeatist nor lacking in humor. It is realism reflecting adult relationships so closely that the very pulse beat of Antonia or Mark becomes to the reader as present, as inevitable as his own.

—Frances Keene.

LITTLE WORLD REVISITED: If **"A Distant Drum"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) were Charles Bracelen Flood's first novel, it certainly would be considered a promising piece of work, because there are many good things in it. However, it is his second, and seen in the light of his first ("Love Is a Bridge") it is, although pleasant reading, in the main a reshaping of characters he knows very well, but about whom he has found not very much new to say.

Patrick Kingsgrant, the hero, is a student at Harvard, and is presumed to be following in his lawyer-father's footsteps. Patrick begins to suspect that he wants to be a writer instead of a lawyer, and it is the growth in this character as he begins and then finally succeeds in breaking away from the established pattern that makes the story. Patrick clashes with his father and his girl, establishes his independence and emerges, considerably more mature, from a grueling training course in the United States Army.

Mr. Flood attempts, with the rather awkward use of the flashback, to tell two love stories, Patrick's father's as well as his own. However, the author knows his characters, and he pays faithful attention to the details of action and setting which establish these people in a real world, however limited.

This world revolves around Harvard, a Park Avenue address in New York, and a family island in Maine. It is almost with a feeling of nostalgia that the Maine scenes are written, and, indeed, there are so many events which seem to parallel the author's own life that one suspects much of the book of being autobiographical. Curiously enough, although the author is obviously at home in a setting and way of life that has not had many serious spokesmen, it is when he

(*Continued on page* 45)

—*R. H. Muir, Inc.* —*John Sadovy, London.*

Vinnie Williams—"*Redbook* ending." Penelope Mortimer—"devastating insight."

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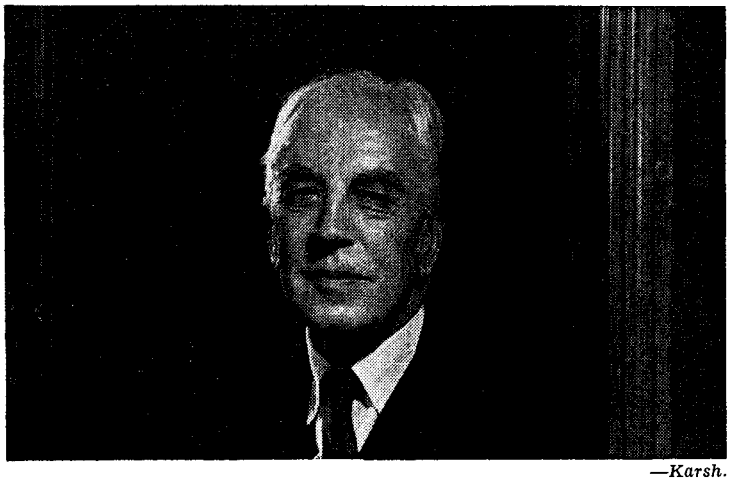

—Karsh.

Arnold J. Toynbee—". . . a new view of history."

A New View of History

"A Study of History," by Arnold J. Toynbee, abridged by D. C. Somervell *(Oxford University Press. 415 pp. $5), digests the latter part, volumes VII, VIII, and IX, of a monumental work. Professor Hans Kohn of the City College of New York here considers its significance.*

By Hans Kohn

THE FIRST six volumes of Arnold J. Toynbee's "A Study of History" reached only a relatively small number of readers in the original edition, but they became a best-seller in the skilful abridgment by D. C. Somervell, who not only mastered the complex contents of the vast work but entered into the writer's outlook and purpose. Now Mr. Somervell has accomplished the same task for the latter, and in many ways more important, part of Toynbee's work. It may be confidently expected—and should be sincerely hoped—that the new abridgment will again become a best-seller and will acquaint the American reading public with one of the significant thinkers of our day.

For Toynbee is not primarily a historian. He is less and more than the average historian: less, because expert historians of nations or epochs may take exception to several of Toynbee's sweeping generalizations; more, because he faces up to the great problem of the 1950s, and has anticipated it—the need for viewing mankind and its history for the first time as a whole. Toynbee has outgrown the parochial limits of a historical view centered around Western man. With an unforeseen rapidity, the Asian and African peoples and their civilizations are emerging into full partnership with the West. A new reappraisal of their relationship in this respect is due, and with it a new view of history. Mr. Toynbee's lasting merit will be that he has taken the first step in that direction.

Woodrow Wilson foresaw this change as far back as 1901. "The East is to be opened and transformed whether we will or no," he wrote. "Nations and peoples which have stood still the centuries through are to be quickened and made part of the universal world of commerce and of ideas which has so steadily been a-making by the advance of European power from age to age. It is our peculiar duty, as it is also England's, to moderate the process in the interests of liberty; to impart to the peoples thus driven out upon the road of change, . . . the habit of law which we long ago got out of the strenuous process of English history; secure for them, when we may, the free intercourse and the natural development which shall make at least equal members of the family of nations." Wilson would have contemplated with deep satisfaction the transformation of the United Nations from a body in which the West was overrepresented to one of a worldwide equal participation.

TOYNBEE, who started his long and fertile career as a Hellenic scholar, first compared the experiences of 1914 with those of Greece in the Periclean Age, but he has learned meanwhile that as the result of the dynamic vigor of Western civilization itself, the historical, political, and cultural horizon of man in the middle of the twentieth century has broadened beyond expectation, and that the political map of the earth, familiar to the student of 1914, will have been changed out of all recognition by the end of the 1950s. The generation which had grown to maturity in the West before 1914 lived under the impact of the doctrine of progress. The generation which entered the war of 1939 and which has witnessed the rapid shifts in power and cultural relations all over the world since, has inclined toward a doctrine of doom. Toynbee teaches us to see both doctrines as appropriate to relatively brief spans of history, and he opens before us a much more hopeful picture of the future. In opposition to Spengler, who foresaw the doom not only of Western civilization but at least for a long period to come, of all civilization, Toynbee recognizes the great potentialities of the present situation. "War and slavery," he writes, "had been twin cancers of civilization," since its beginning. The conquest of one of these cancers, which would have seemed impossible to past ages, is a good omen for the prospects of the campaign against the other.

The burning problem of social justice, greater equality, and respect for human beings in Western society is well on its way to a solution. Western society has found the solution by successfully forcing a passage between the Scylla of unrestricted economic individualism and the Charybdis of state control of economic life. The West has faced the task of absorbing its proletariat—Toynbee rightly uses the word in a psychological sense—and of giving it the feeling of fully belonging. It has thereby defeated the Marxist-Leninist expectation of the destruction of Western society by class war within it.

There is good hope that the West may solve also the more difficult problem ahead of it, the reconciliation with the non-Western world, which in the nineteenth century was transformed, above all psychologically, into a vast proletariat on the rim of the Western world. This proletariat was heading toward secession from the West, into the wide-open arms of the Leninist promise of total equality. Recent events which occurred after Toynbee concluded his book—the rejection by the English-speaking peoples or by their large majority of the invasion of Egypt, the effectiveness of the United Nations in clearing all Egyptian territory from invading forces, and the simultaneous brutal suppression of Hungary's liberty by Communist Russia—have confirmed his hope that the non-Western world may change its course toward the alternative goal of partnership on terms of equality with its former Western masters. The

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specter of racial conflict may be averted as well as the specter of class war has been averted.

The Greco-Roman civilization and its political world disintegrated through the alienation of its internal and its external proletariat. There is no law according to which modern Western civilization must follow this decline and fall of the ancient West. If the West will live up to its own principles of respect for human dignity and equality, there is infinitely more hope than doom in store for it. This is Toynbee's hopeful outlook.

But it is not only for the wisdom and courage which Toynbee teaches us in facing the bewildering challenge of a rapidly changing world picture that Somervell's abridgment should be widely read. Even in its abridged form, Toynbee's study abounds with felicitous and suggestive historical comparisons and judgments which will broaden every reader's horizon and deepen his understanding of the historical process.

Naturally, many readers will disagree with some of Mr. Toynbee's views or judgments, but even disagreement might be stimulating, and such readers will turn to the complete work for further elucidation of Toynbee's views. The general reader, however, will find the abridgment not only complete, but easier and smoother reading than the sometimes ponderous unabridged version. Yet at the same time, the abridgment has preserved the graciousness of Toynbee's style without its old-fashioned long-windedness. It is, in a word, Toynbee skilfully presented for the modern reader.

—Bettmann.

The death of Socrates after a painting by David.

Secrets of Greece's Greatness

"The Echo of Greece," by Edith Hamilton *(Norton. 224 pp. $3.95), is a study of that land in the fourth century B. C., a period the author considers a prelude to the end of its greatness. C. A. Robinson, Jr., professor of classics at Brown University, reviews it.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

EDITH HAMILTON sets her stage for her brilliant book "The Echo of Greece" with Herodotus's report of a Greek saying to a Persian, "You do not know what freedom is. If you did you would fight for it with bare hands if you had no weapons." Here certainly is part of the secret of Athens's greatness under Pericles, the discovery and development of a way to order through responsible freedom. With Aristotle Miss Hamilton insists that Athens was the abode of "excellence, much labored for by the sons of men." And it is the excellent, says Aristotle, that becomes the permanent.

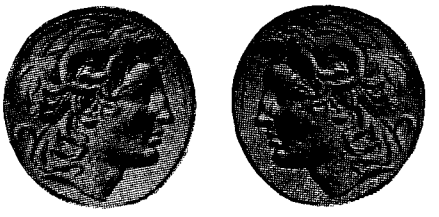
But the setting is only a brief one, for Miss Hamilton's main purpose is to discuss the fourth century B.C., the one immediately following Pericles, which, she feels, was the prelude to the end of Greece. It is in this part of the book that she is at her wonderful best. Her interpretative essays and apt quotes from Isocrates, Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics reveal a deep understanding of the philosophers. Their wisdom is profound and sensible, and we wonder why so few people listened to them then, until at last it dawns on us that their message applies to us as well and is as much unheeded.

A strength of this book is that it is no unadulterated eulogy of Greece. Indeed, while we are still reflecting on Sophocles's words—"Wonders are there many, none more wonderful than man"—Miss Hamilton calls up Thucydides, greatest of all ancient historians and teacher extraordinary, and lets us see that it was fear and greed and love of power that brought on the terrible war between Athens and Sparta. Unfortunately, by the end of her book Miss Hamilton has forgotten the barbarities of the Greeks and can say that Socrates's "executioners killed him by giving him a poison that made him die with no pain. They were Greeks. The Romans hung Christ upon a cross."

Nor do I think that the Greek record will support this statement: "If the Church had chosen the Greek way she would have found Christ's way far easier and she might with Him have disdained temporal power. But she chose the Roman way." Of Alexander the Great Miss Hamilton says, "When he died he was still a boy, not a Greek boy, however, but sunk in effortless luxury and corrupted into irresponsible cruelty. Conquered Persia had taken captive her conqueror." I can think of no judgment with which I agree less, though I am amused by the easy paraphrase of Horace's famous line, "Captive Greece took her barbarian conqueror captive."

In other words, it is when Miss Hamilton moves from literature—from the philosophers and Menander and Plutarch—to history and contemporary scholarship that she is on shaky ground. But it is time we recalled her comment that "most learned works have with the years lost their importance." Even if that statement ought not to be circulated too widely, we may at least repeat Plato's: "Nothing spoken or written is of any great value if the object is merely to be believed, not to be criticized and thus learn more."

In sum, this beautiful and informative book is a worthy and stimulating successor to Miss Hamilton's first, "The Greek Way," published at the age of sixty as head mistress of the Bryn Mawr School for Girls in Baltimore. That was twenty-seven years ago. Let us then by all means salute her as a jewel in the crown of Bryn Mawr College, her alma mater and itself not unknown for devotion to excellence.



—From the jacket of "The Echo of Greece."

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The Lives the Colonists Lived

"The Cultural Life of the American Colonies, 1607-1763," by Louis B. Wright *(Harper. 292 pp. $5), is a study of the cultural tradition the colonists brought with them and how it bore up under urban and frontier conditions on this continent. It is reviewed by Professor Wesley Frank Craven of Princeton, author of "The Legend of the Founding Fathers."*

By Wesley Frank Craven

TWENTIETH-CENTURY Americans have shown an extraordinary interest in the cultural life of colonial America. The interest is the more remarkable because of the many evidences that it is truly a popular interest. Each year thousands of tourists visit Colonial Williamsburg and other less ambitious restorations. Community after community has taken advantage of its age, if only for the sake of capturing some part of the tourist trade, in preserving architectural and other relics. Hence the judicious and informed study of "The Cultural Life of the American Colonies, 1607-1763," which Louis B. Wright, director of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, presents in the latest volume of the New American Nation Series, is all the more welcome.

Mr. Wright's training and scholarly activities have given him a strong feeling for the cultural tradition which the colonists brought with them to America. In any of Mr. Wright's books the reader is invited, first of all, to consider the colonist as a European whose plans for a new life in America contemplated no greater surrender of his cultural inheritance than circumstances might force. Colonial America becomes thus a frontier of Europe, and the very term frontier acquires meaning from the determination of settlers on the frontier to transfer to it the best that London, and later Boston or Philadelphia, had to offer in support of a civilized way of life. While emphasizing the dominant influence of an English tradition, Mr. Wright does not neglect the many contributions of Dutch, French, German, and other settlers who were not English. Indeed, his new book carries some warning that a recent tendency to re-emphasize the English influence on American life can be carried too far.

MR. WRIGHT has a special interest in the books the colonists read, in the churches they attended, and in the schools, colleges, and libraries they founded. With his customary skill and charm, he also summarizes the findings of modern scholarship on such subjects as the press and communications, the literary production of the colonists, the theatre, music, architecture, and scientific interests. A selected bibliography at the end of the volume offers sure guidance for any who may wish to read further on a particular topic. It may be that a necessarily heavy emphasis on the institutional evidences of cultural development at times distorts the picture. Some, at least, will wish that space could have been found in an excellent discussion of the diversity of religious life for fuller attention to the evidences of a growing indifference to religion among many Americans of the eighteenth century. But anyone who undertakes to write of as many aspects of American social history as does Mr. Wright unavoidably finds space at a premium.

His discussion points up anew the remarkable maturity American society had achieved by 1763. As the author observes in his concluding sentence, the colonial communities at that time "were less remote in mind and spirit from the rest of the world than were some of the more isolated counties of England." If the commercial activity of the leading seaports had created environments that were especially helpful to cultural growth, it was nonetheless true that the great planters of Virginia or Maryland also lived on their rural estates a life which often met the best standards of London or Boston.

Among the warnings Mr. Wright gives here against misleading impressions that have entered into the popular tradition is one against drawing too sharp a distinction between the planter aristocracy of the Southern provinces and the merchant aristocracy of the North. There are many useful comments on the origin and development of the two aristocracies, and good advice for those who would like to think that colonial society followed standards less aristocratic than it did. Although attention is given to developments affecting the mass of the population, the book is more largely concerned, as must be any cultural history, with the few than with the many. Hence it contributes to a better understanding not only of the Revolution, which terminated the colonial era, but of the mature leadership enjoyed by the American people at the time of their Revolution.

—Bettmann.

". . . aspects of American social history."

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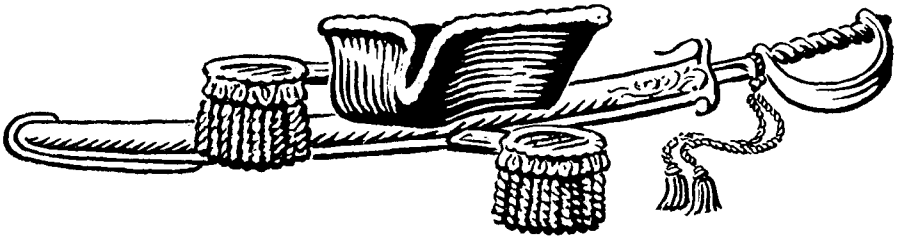


The War the Colonists Fought

"Rebels and Redcoats," by George F. Scheer and Hugh F. Rankin *(World. 572 pp. $7.50), is a military history of the American Revolution written in the words of the participants. Professor Edmund S. Morgan of Yale University, author of "The Birth of the Republic," reviews it.*

By Edmund S. Morgan

EVERYONE who writes history has had the experience: try to catch an event on paper, to evoke the full urgency of the moment and the excitement of the participants; then turn back to one of the casually written documents of the time, a diary say, or a letter dashed off in a careless hour. Beside it your own words seem dull and lifeless, and you wonder if it would not be better to give the reader the original raw materials instead of your own digest of them. George F. Scheer and Hugh F. Rankin have tried to do just that, to give us the war in the words of the men who fought it, in their military history of the American Revolution, "Rebels and Redcoats."

It is a good, if not a novel, idea, and it has been skilfully executed. Though the sources used have almost all been printed before, most of them have been available only to the scholar with time and energy to search them out from a wide variety of little-known volumes. It required careful design and much labor to make selections, to prune and cut them (always indicating the deletions) and to weave them into a continuous narrative. The general reader and the scholar are alike beneficiaries of the purposeful searching and editing of Mr. Scheer and Mr. Rankin.

There is no attempt to make the documents tell the whole story. The authors supply details that cannot conveniently be related through the surviving contemporary accounts. The reader is guided carefully from one selection to the next, so that he is always aware whose words he is reading. Though the perspective shifts from private to general, from loyalist to patriot, from Englishman to American to Hessian, the direction never falters; and there are abundant, clearly-drawn maps of all the actions described. The result is a book of unusual interest and appeal.

Unhappily, there are inevitable deficiencies that accompany the virtues of such a book: source materials are not always as vivid as they may seem to the devotee of the subject, and they may be least vivid just when one wishes them to be most so. Though there is an undeniable immediacy in the testimony of any eyewitness, the fact that a man observes an event does not necessarily enable him to write well about it. The soldier who has endured battle may speak of it in clichés. Indeed he is all too likely to do so. A battle was so shattering an experience, even in the Revolutionary War, that few persons who lived through one could write clearly or freshly about it.

As a result it is all but impossible to reach a climax in the kind of narrative attempted here. The authors bring the reader up to it, but too often the quoted material goes flat at the crucial point.

IT IS actually not the central events but the incidental ones that come to life most sharply. One of the most exciting things in the book is the account by Sergeant Ezra Lee of his descent in a one-man submarine in an attempt to attach a time-bomb to the hull of a British warship. Sergeant Lee was thwarted by a copper-plated hull, but he told about it far better than anyone told about beating the British at Saratoga. Scattered through the book are many fragments of writing like Sergeant Lee's. They bring us sudden glimpses of the war that cannot be found in the ordinary histories: a private on his way to the Battle of Long Island, stuffing his pockets with bread as the troops halt beside a supply barrel; a Quaker boy wandering among the dead and wounded after the Battle of Brandywine; a young officer bringing a message to General Washington in his headquarters residence at Cambridge. "Pray, sir," says Washington, "what officer are you?"

"I said I was Assistant Adjutant of the Regiment of Artillery."

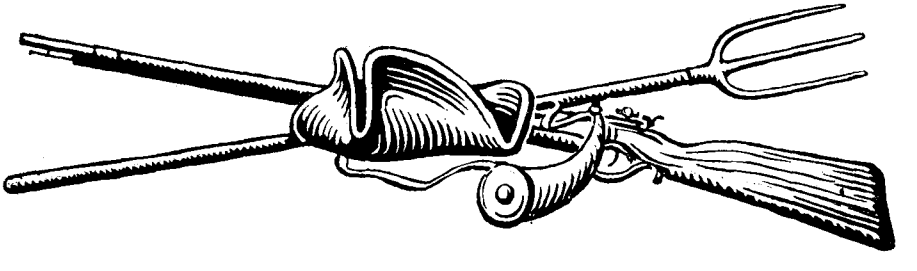
" 'Indeed,' said he. 'You are very young to that duty.'

"I told him I was young, but was growing older every day. He turned his face to his wife and both smiled. He gave me my orders and I retired."

Anyone who values the richness of such moments will find this book well worth the trouble.

COLONIAL HISTORY THROUGH DARWINIAN EYES: As a schoolboy in Wethersfield, Conn., Charles McLean Andrews was so mischievous that his first teacher in the elementary grades predicted he would come to a bad end. Instead he became a revered professor at Yale University, specializing in teaching and writing American colonial history. When he died in 1943 he had long since been recognized as the foremost historian in his field. Now his lifework receives the scholarly evaluation it merits in this new volume **"Charles McLean Andrews: A Study in American Historical Writing,"** by A. S. Eisenstadt (Columbia University Press, $5). In the opinion of Mr. Eisenstadt, Andrews derived his historical principles from the late nineteenth century, when American intellectuals believed in Positivism and social Darwinism, and in a Pan-Anglican view of American history no less than of international relations;

(*Continued on page* 43)



—Jacket drawings for "Rebels and Redcoats."

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Diplomacy, Press, and China

Editor's Note: *This week's guest editorial is by Edward W. Barrett, Dean of the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University. Mr. Barrett was formerly Assistant Secretary of State and editorial director of* Newsweek *Magazine.*

BACK in December 1949 the dictators of Red China expelled non-Communist newspaper correspondents. The United States protested lustily, then and thereafter, against the suppression of free news reporting.

Today Red China has reversed itself, offering visas to American correspondents. The State Department, in turn, has obdurately opposed their going into China.

After a procession of strange events and stranger argumentation, we appear to the world as opposing a free flow of information, which the Red Chinese now profess to favor. To some, we and they seem to have battled our way into each other's shoes.

The State Department is not utterly without a case. Any American correspondent in Red China, however much he professes to be on his own, automatically becomes a *cause celebre*, engaging the prestige of his country as soon as he is jailed or shot up. "Freedom of the Press," that sometimes abused term, should not automatically be accepted as an argument without examination. And anyone who has ever been a State Department official groping for ways to free Americans held hostage by Communists can understand the Department's tendency to clutch desperately at any bargaining device it can find.

But basic, far-reaching issues are involved. They make it wise for responsible citizens to weigh the question with care.

THE present chapter began last August, when Red China suddenly offered visit visas to some thirty American correspondents, most of whom had sought entry for months or years. The State Department announced it would not permit such visits so long as Communist China continued to hold as "political hostages" ten American citizens whom it had previously promised to release. Moreover, it argued, it couldn't provide any protection for news reporters in China.

In telegrams and editorials, leading press figures protested that Communism thrives on darkness and that the retention of an Iron Curtain of our own violated basic American principles. Press associations and newspapers laid plans to send correspondents into Communist China, irrespective of the ban.

At that point the State Department announced that the President had indicated his "full concurrence" in the State Department's new policy. The great majority of the press protests subsided—leaving the odd impression that a wrong principle somehow becomes right as soon as President Eisenhower concurs in it.

Actually, the subsiding followed a large amount of backstage wire-pulling. In private, top-ranking officials had pleaded with editors and publishers. They said Alexis Johnson, United States representative in the interminable Geneva negotiations over the release of Americans held prisoner in Red China, was in a tough spot: He had insisted that no Americans would be permitted to enter Red China until the captives were released; he was using the issue of correspondents as a bargaining weapon. If the press now went ahead and sent correspondents anyway, the officials argued, it would undercut Johnson's whole case and even "jeopardize the lives of American citizens."

Reluctantly key editors agreed to cooperate, at least one of them specifying that he would do so only if the President himself publicly concurred in the State Department's argument. Mr. Eisenhower's "full concurrence" followed. In succeeding months the press held its tongue—with the notable exceptions of the trade journal *Editor and Publisher,* Herbert Brucker of the *Hartford Courant,* and a few others.

Finally three reporters, two from *Look* Magazine and one from the Afro-American Newspapers, went into China anyway. They scouted around, sent cables without censorship, interviewed at least one of the American captives, and departed. State Department representatives made awkward, ineffective efforts to pick up their passports, and the Department repeatedly mumbled threats of canceling passports and of seeking prosecution under the Trading with the Enemy Act.

At a press conference early in February, Secretary Dulles stuck to his position, marshalling a rather astounding array of arguments for doing so. In effect, he said American newspaper organizations could not send reporters to Communist China because (a) the United States doesn't recognize Communist China and hence cannot protect any reporters there; (b) the Red Chinese are seeking to hand-pick reporters and use them as channels for its own propaganda; (c) the Communists are now trying to "blackmail" us by offering to free the captives if we send correspondents, and we don't propose to knuckle under; (d) the Chinese Communist government is an untrustworthy, inhuman regime that doesn't deserve cooperation or "respectability."

Incredulous Washington correspondents scratched their heads at the implication that the Chinese were now seeking to "blackmail" us into doing what Alexis Johnson had been trying to do all along.

THE whole subject is a fascinating, if complex, test of the hitherto basic American policy of advocating the greatest possible flow of competently re-

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ported news. Broken down into its component questions, the issue looks about like this:

1. *Knowing that Communist China is inhuman, untrustworthy, and vicious, why should we lend it the respectability it is seeking by sending in correspondents?*

It is precisely because the Communists are disregarding the basic decencies of civilization that news organizations want to send reporters to learn and tell all they can about what is really going on. Conceivably, the best way of freeing the ten American captives is to report every available fact about them and their condition. Throughout history, the news that has warranted public attention and aroused the public to action has been news about scoundrels. Any other course, as has been said, would be like a newspaper refusing to report the doings of a crooked politician because he isn't nice to reporters.

If the civilized world were to follow to the extreme the policy now indicated by the State Department, it would withdraw reporters from Russia and Hungary and thereafter rely for information on the official Communist propaganda output. Indeed, the free world knew of last year's outrages in Hungary mainly because of reporters who took risks. Our Government itself had to rely heavily on press reports during the crisis weeks.

2. *Should we permit reporters to go to an area where the State Department cannot afford protection?*

We always have. We did so in the Soviet Union and its satellites for years. War correspondents have never been under an illusion that our defense forces guaranteed their safety.

3. *Would American correspondents obtain the full truth even if they were in Communist China?*

The answer is clearly No. Obtaining news is always difficult in an authoritarian state. But they would bring the American people far more of the truth than now comes through roundabout channels and through official Communist propaganda. Even the most ruthless censorship, incidentally, cannot prevent the reporter from telling all when he leaves the censoring country.

4. *What about Mr. Dulles's argument that the Chinese Communists are handpicking the correspondents in order to use them as a channel for propaganda?*

Among those seeking and now offered Chinese visas are some of the most respected individuals in American journalism. They are the kind who are not easily taken in by public figures here, let alone by Communists abroad. (American journalists as a class are as skeptical a group of citizens as exist.) An occasional correspondent is gullible, including perhaps a small minority of those on the Chinese visa list. But the idea that a government must protect the gullible press from being "used" is enough to cause our Founding Fathers to spin in their graves.

5. *Why yield to Communist "blackmail" by letting correspondents go into China in return for the freeing of American captives?*

If Red China were indeed seeking such a "deal," it would be a remarkable occurrence. It would be, as James Reston expressed it, "the best offer from the Communists since the invention of vodka."

The theory that we should steer away from doing anything that the Communists are willing to have us do presupposes Communist omniscience. If carried to the logical extreme, it would mean that we would never cover the news in a hostile state that permits us to do so.

6. *Have the Communists really adopted this new "blackmail-deal" approach?*

Neither the CIA nor the President knew about it at the time Mr. Dulles used it as an argument in his press conference.

No one who has worked with Foster Dulles entertains doubts about his knowledge and mental capacity. We find ourselves, therefore, concluding that at least in this case he is indulging in the lawyer's practice of "inconsistent pleading"—the technique of presenting to the Court every conceivable argument, without regard to consistency, on behalf of a client and inviting the judge to take his choice. Some able lawyers have attached more importance to this technique than to factual precision. Mr. Dulles may have forgotten that a press conference is not a court.

7. *Isn't it true that any correspondent in Communist China, even if he formally foregoes government "protection," can involve his nation in an international incident?*

Obviously it is true, and the point clearly deserves attention. The ability of the American people to be informed, however, will be seriously impaired when we drop the principle of permitting reputable reporters from entering, at their own risk, unsafe areas abroad or at home.

8. *Is the right of a citizen to travel abroad an item to be granted, withheld, or rescinded according to the judgment of one man or one department?*

The courts are casting increasing doubt on this. Long before the Eisenhower Administration took office a legally dubious practice developed within the Department of State. Individuals considered as holding extremist views were denied passports without hearings and without any formal proceedings. The courts have now started whittling away at such administrative practice. There is a growing belief that the passport and the right to roam the globe should be denied only in cases of clear and present danger to the nation, provable in open hearings and subject to judicial review.

ON BALANCE, the State Department's new policy appears clearly ill-advised. The sound course obviously would be for the Department to announce simply that any reporter entering Red China does so at his own risk, with no right to claim official United States protection.

Perhaps this is one of those rare cases where a Government should and could admit to an error and frankly reverse itself. If it won't do so, the American press can force the issue in the courts. It is time for a highest-level clarification of whether the right of citizens to roam the globe and the obligation of the press to pursue news everywhere can be used as pawns in a diplomatic chess game, however important the match.

The Founders of the nation believed deeply that truth could stand against all comers in the marketplace. They wove the principle of an unimpeded flow of information into our Constitutional fabric. Throughout most of the Cold War our Government, including President Eisenhower, impressed the world by stoutly opposing iron and bamboo barriers to the flow of information. The principle is basic. It is doubtful that even the highest-minded official should be permitted to use a fundamental principle as an item of bargaining in international negotiations. —EDWARD W. BARRETT.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COTERIE LEADER?

SINCE READERS have invoked the name of my father, William Rose Benét, in protesting John Ciardi's review of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's poetry, and since Mr. Ciardi seems to oppose my father's policy as Poetry Editor with the remark "when I took over . . . I began systematically to uproot Genteel poetry," I would like to comment.

I am as certain as one can be in such matters that my father would have endorsed Mr. Ciardi's plea, "Poetry is more important than any one poet. Serve poetry." But I think he would have been dubious about Mr. Ciardi's half-expressed distinction between "Genteel poetry" and "whatever you want to call the other kind." (For myself, I think such phrasing is just about as feeble as Mrs. Lindbergh's poetry.) While he had strong likes and dislikes, and fierce opinions, he thought a magazine like *SR* should be as far as possible a friend to all poets.

He would, I think, have been most unlikely to use such a phrase as Mr. Ciardi's "pernicious poetry." He didn't conceive of any poetry, or even rubbishy attempts at verses, as injurious. It seems to be this extravagance in Mr. Ciardi's language that has offended even readers who might share his opinions.

I don't know what my father would have said of Mrs. Lindbergh's latest book. For myself, I think it's worthless, and so I am that far on Mr. Ciardi's side. But then I don't care much for Dylan Thomas, so he will have to cast me into the outer darkness, too. And once he has started casting it is hard to know where he will stop, and I believe he may end in a position that seems undesirable for a Poetry Editor, as leader of a coterie.

JAMES BENÉT.

San Francisco, Calif.

HEBREW FREEDOM

THERE IS NO DENYING Edith Hamilton's love for "The Greek Freedom" (*SR* Jan. 12). But to claim for the Greeks sole credit for the "idea that only man who holds himself within self-enforced limits can be free" is to forget the Bible (on which Miss Hamilton has written so well). Consider the laws of the Pentateuch and you find that they are rooted in freedom of choice—the choice to accept a discipline which will grant true freedom. If anything, the Hebrews went far beyond the Greeks in the matter of self-discipline. They conceived how self-discipline may be self-enforced—namely, through the acceptance of "revealed legislation."

ABRAHAM J. KARP.

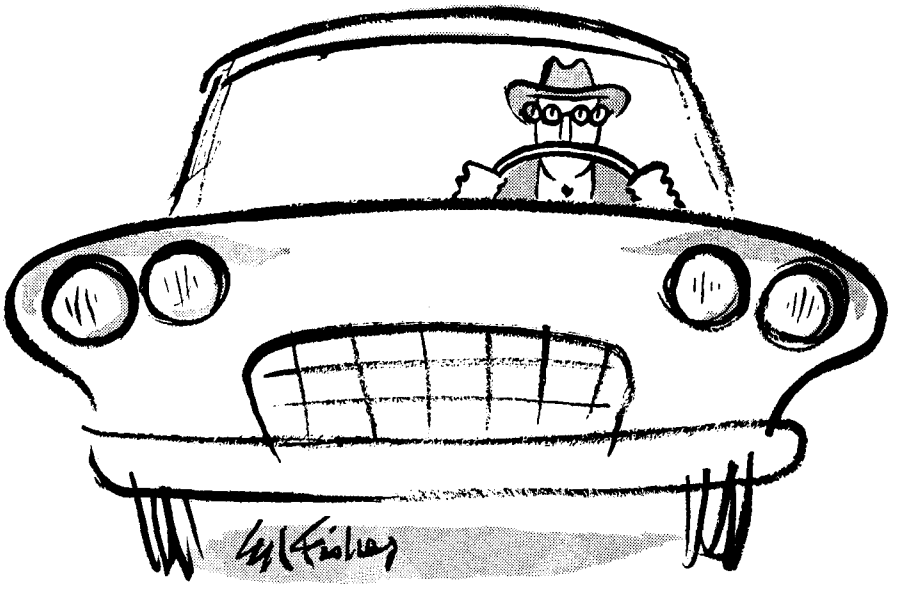
Rochester, N. Y.

A VOTE FOR TVA

IN VIEW OF *SR*'s awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest (*SR* Jan. 19), I was particularly disappointed to see in the same issue the irresponsible advertising which you allow by "America's independent electric light and power companies." Since TVA is bringing a profit to the government beyond what it pays in taxes, I doubt that I am, in this sense, "helping to pay other people's electric bills." Even if I am, I'm sure the sum out of my pocket to make up this deficit is not nearly as great as the one I pay to compensate for the "unfair tax favoritism" enjoyed by independent power companies, among others. Considering the almost preposterous number of dollars the local independent power company demands of us each month, I'm surprised they don't have to pay far more than 23 per cent of it in taxes.

ETTA LINTON.

San Diego, Calif.



LIKE AS LIKE SHOULDN'T

IS IT BEING TOO much of a purist to hope that in the losing battle we are waging against the use of *like* as a conjunction *SR* will not prematurely join the team of Winston cigarettes? Twice in a current issue your staff writers were guilty of such a use of like.

B. B. GAMZUE.

New York, N. Y.

SECONDARY EDUCATION

MR. CRAWFORD GREENEWALT, in "The Culture of the Businessman" (*SR* Jan. 19), observes that "the educational process does not end with the diploma"—that college is not the end of a man's education—"Education is the never-ending process of exposure and experience." What Mr. Greenewalt did not say is that college is not the *beginning* of a man's education either. What of the first eighteen years—or the last twelve of them? Are these not the years when curiosities are awakened, interests developed, talents uncovered, when the fundamentals and background for college are laid? What of our independent secondary schools and their financial problems, which are exactly the same as those of the independent colleges? Should we not consider the needs of these institutions at the same time we consider the needs of the colleges?

G. B. MONTGOMERY.

Radnor, Pa.

SPACE-SHIPS AND PENICILLIN

F. R. COWELL'S "A Republic and its Natural Diseases" (*SR* Jan. 26) is one more sign of the grave concern over the future of democracy which agitates intellectuals today. It begins to look as if the cultural level required to build space-ships is greater than a cultural level which implies self-extermination of the species. The same process which produces morality and principle, which develops sympathy and kindness at the same time as it develops penicillin and Christianity and hydrogen bombs, is going to be the death of us in the end.

ALFRED B. MASON, M.D.

Concord, Calif.

NEIGHBORS AND CIVILIZATION

IT IS A CONSIDERABLE service to bring to us the scholarly writing of Mr. Cowell. But I want to offer a conclusion to his thoughts. As we meet in groups, whether organized or not, *desiring* integration of interests, we tend to discover and expose the injustices in each other's claims. That climate of "neighborly" discussion produces several important results: (1) We tend to see where we can alter our own demands or claims which are revealed as inconsiderate or worse; (2) We tend to learn the qualities of analytic ability, of responsiveness, of patience and tact—and thus (3) as a *byproduct* of pursuing our own aims we not only move toward the justice Cicero sought but also acquire those civilizing attitudes on which justice ultimately depends.

FRANCIS GOODELL.

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tebaldi in "Traviata," "Requiem" by Ormandy

A LOT of money and a lot of talent have gone into making the Metropolitan's third new production of the season a lot of "Traviata," though to say it was always what Verdi required would be a lot of overstatement. In the manner of its Violetta, Renata Tebaldi, the Oliver Smith settings, the Rolf Gerard costumes, and the direction of Tyrone Guthrie have size and are sometimes beautiful, but they seemed more suited to some other opera.

When Miss Tebaldi used her vocal resources thoughtfully and allowed her fine sound to caress the pathetic eloquence of "Dite alla giovine" (Act II) or "Addio del passato" (Act IV), this was singing to charm the ear and delight the mind. When, as too often happened, she turned on the kind of driving, attentuated sound she utilizes for "Aida" or "Andrea Chenier," it was oversized and slightly irrelevant to this problem. Altogether, the second and fourth acts (in this version) were her most successful, for she doesn't yet command the vivacious spirit or the champagne quality in the voice to make the music dance in the first act "Libiamo" or "Sempra libera." Even operagoers hardened to the transposition of sundry showpieces flinched at Miss Tebaldi's unprideful concession to convenience in singing the latter a whole tone down, in G flat rather than A flat. Disregarding the ugly clash of tonalities, it also forced the tenor's offstage responses into a range disadvantageous for him. What price star system?

As characterization, Tebaldi's was superficially operatic, suggesting that director Guthrie, an intelligent man as well as a brilliant theatrical mind, realized that making water run uphill would be easier than changing the postures and attitudes which suit Miss Tebaldi, vocally. When she has a driving climax to achieve, the head goes down and the sound tends to be pinched; when the line is flowing easily, the chin is up, the gaze level, the sound beautiful. Guthrie's most effective work was done in the final scene, where the groupings relative to the dying Violetta were artfully contrived, considering the huge space of her "boudoir" to be filled by four figures.

Rolf Gerard's sumptuous costumes contributed much to the radiant figure Miss Tebaldi presented from first to last, whether in ball gowns (white with camelias in Act I, dark orange in the gambling scene), country frock, or negligee. Rather than suggesting the hectic flush of a consumptive, the radiance was all Tebaldi's own healthy beauty, too little dissembled for dramatic purposes, the attitudes and actions too firm and muscular to suggest a wasting disease. Such contradictions are as much a part of the operatic "art" as the prompter's box, but it could be hoped that a singer of her talents would do as much as such well-remembered Violettas as Bori, Sayao, or Albanese (not to mention Muzio) to make the role convincing. It may happen, but it hasn't yet.

Given the kind of Violetta Miss Tebaldi was singing (long-drawn-out phrases with ritards where none was indicated, a gush of sound where Verdi wrote "un fil di voce"—"a thread of voice") it was hardly surprising that Leonard Warren, as Germont, dragged some of his phrases, and Fausto Cleva's baton seemed weighted with lead. In commanding appearance and robust sound, Warren was the most Verdian figure in the cast. Recalling his treatment of the role in years past, Warren must be admired for mastering all aspects of it when he might have been content to coast on voice alone. Giuseppe Campora's appearance is ideal for Alfredo, though his light voice sounded in better blood at the dress rehearsal than it did at the first performance. Supporting Miss Tebaldi's heavy "Addios," when the melodic line is the tenor's, might well contribute to fatigue. All the small parts (Helen Vanni, Emilia Cundari, Calvin Marsh, Charles Anthony, Clifford Harvuot, and especially George Cehanovsky as the Marquis) were well performed.

To regard this truly as a Guthrie production would, I suspect, be inaccurate. Hans Busch was visible as assistant (though not identified on the program). The management of masses in Act I was reasonably good, but stilted and confused in a poorly conceived version of the gambling scene. Guthrie's hand could be seen in the scenes involving the principal characters of the drama, but little of the creative mind evident in his staging of "Troilus and Cressida" was engaged by this unrewarding assignment.

Smith's first settings for this stage were certainly spacious (a highdomed glass-roofed conservatory for Act I, a summer house for Act II, a rather unsuccessfully gaudy staircase intruding on a limited playing space in Act III, an atmospheric if gargantuan "boudoir" for Act IV). But they had little relation to the intensity for Verdi's music, its throbbing affinity to fever, rapid pulse, and overwrought emotions. As in rather too many of Rudolf Bing's new productions, a lot of theatrical skills are dissipated through lack of firm agreement that in operatic production the needs of the *music* must be served by the surroundings, not subservient to them. Lots and lots of production? Yes. Lots and lots of "Traviata"? No.

THE magnitude of Verdi's genius was the dominant factor of a week which also brought a performance of his "Manzoni" Requiem by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, with a superior quartet of soloists and ample choral elements. Taken together, this was about the most sizable thing to Ormandy's credit New York has heard, superbly organized in its orchestral detail, fervently sung by Leontyne Price, Nan Merriman, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi, and the orchestra's own chorus augmented by that of Rutgers University. Tonally it reached its zenith in the post-intermission "Domine Jesu," "Sanctus," and "Agnus dei," whose melting sonorities conveyed a striking amount of Verdi's purpose.

Given this fine command of musical essentials, Ormandy might think of further dynamic subtleties, and a more vivid sense of verbal meaning. Such phrases as the basso's "Mors stupebit" have a deeper meaning than can be conveyed by a well-rounded sound alone, likewise the tenor's "Hostias." Among the solo quartet, Miss Merriman stood out for intensity of expression and sureness of meaning, as Tucker did for ringing sound, though his opera-bred penetration does not make for a ready blend with others. Tozzi added to the esteem he has earned at the Metropolitan with a clean projection of the bass line, somewhat more lyric than the dramatic function of Verdi demands. It is a compliment for Miss Price that in such able company she sustained a strong line at all times (the top B flat at the end of the "Requiem aeternam" was thoughtfully abbreviated by Ormandy).

Any performance of Verdi's "Requiem" at this time would stir unforgettable memories of its most eloquent interpreter. Ormandy did much to make his deed worthy of the thought.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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NBC's Comedy of Comedy

NEXT time you watch a comedy show on NBC-TV and the jokes are disappointing you may derive some comfort from the fact that there are eleven comedy writers in TV who are more frustrated than you are. These men know where the funnier jokes are: on their shelves—bought and handsomely paid for by NBC and never used.

Eighteen months ago eleven writers were hired by NBC's ambitious Program Development Unit. Theirs was the opportunity of a lifetime. Each man was given a seven-year contract at $8,300 per year. Options could be exercised by the network every six months, in most cases, but if the writer lasted his salary would be increased $1,300 annually. If he managed to stay for three years he was permanently set for the remainder of the contract. Not only would the writer earn his regular salary, he would also be paid additionally for the comedy material he wrote which the network used on any show.

NBC hoped to encourage non-network package producers to use the talents of its comedy unit writers. The network even undertook, as an incentive, to share the cost of the writers with the outside packagers. The men were given no offices of their own (they could use staff facilities), but they felt no grievance. They were a chosen few: with a subsidy to seek out and pioneer new comedy patterns and forms; a challenge to be fresh, vital, and experimental; a mission to discover and mold new comedians. The eleven felt excitement and dedication. Some had given up larger annual incomes to join the comedy unit. These were no novices fresh out of college capers. They had "been around."

Every Friday for a year the eleven auditioned comedians. They wrote sketches, monologues, jokes. They wrote and wrote and wrote. A few spent months in Hollywood working on the NBC "Comedy Hour." They wrote for new comedians and they wrote for NBC stars. They found a few serpents in their comedy Eden. When an NBC comedy development writer was assigned to a big, on-the-air comedy show, his job was to observe, learn, and offer contributions. The newcomers were often regarded coolly by the big show's contract writers. Competition is fierce; the NBC eleven were potential replacements. One thing the unit writers desired above all else. It was simple, reasonable—a show of their own, at eight a.m. or two in the morning—just fifteen minutes.

They never got it. "It was as if NBC had created the comedy development unit," laments one of the eleven, "and then divorced itself completely from its development. If only somebody at the top had given us leadership, direction, interest. If Mr. Sarnoff had sent down an order saying 'Give them a show of their own' it would have been done. But the order never came. We wrote and wrote and wrote. NBC kept paying us. It was the best writing contract ever drawn—all in favor of the writers. But at the end of the eighteenth month the unit was disbanded." Officially the network maintains that its "Operation Comedy" is still in progress, but all eleven writers are now off the NBC payroll and seeking steady employment elsewhere.

THE moral is simple, according to the eleven. They say it is not true, as NBC maintains, that there is a tremendous need for new comedy writers. The talent agency rosters are replete with top-notch men. Only a limited number of ace writers are required for the leading comedy shows. What the "new" writers need, they assert, is real network interest and on-the-air opportunity. The comedy development program had been tried before at NBC, but not on so grand a scale. Perhaps NBC's top management has yet to master the difficult problem common to all industrial giants today—namely, how to get immediate returns out of "theoretical" research.

The cost of NBC's program must be at least $250,000. All the frustrated eleven writers shake their heads sadly: "So much money! What a loss! What a shame." Did I say all? One of NBC's eleven comedy writers has nothing but gratitude for his "development" at the network. Six months ago, when he saw the handwriting on the wall, he determined to learn how to write television plays under the tutelage of one of the unit's executives. He has now completed six full-hour television plays. His agent assures him that all six are salable. Each one of the comedy-writer's television plays is a drama.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Spirits of St. Louis

IT'S pretty nearly the thirtieth anniversary of Lindbergh's flight to Paris, and on hand well in time to celebrate the event is **"The Spirit of St. Louis,"** a lengthy CinemaScope saga put together by Leland Hayward and Billy Wilder. They approach their subject in an almost reverential mood, announcing straight off the bat that Lindbergh influenced the lives of everyone on earth. It was with his flight (say they) that the air age became a reality. I have the sneaky notion that the air age would have become a reality with or without Lindbergh, but at the same time I must say that I am never going to forget that moment in 1927, youngster that I was, when it was announced that Lindy had made it. It is the thirty-three-hour-and-twenty-minute journey that Mr. Wilder and Mr. Hayward have attempted to recreate, leaving to flashbacks the job of reconstructing the young hero's life up to that point. One problem must certainly have been that of suspense; we know in advance how it came out. Yet when Lindy takes off in his gasoline-logged plane, and barely misses electrical wires and trees, one tends, under Wilder's skilful direction, to forget there is really no need to worry.

If anyone had asked my advice, fifteen years ago, on who should portray Lindy, I should certainly have suggested Jimmy Stewart. But while today Mr. Stewart retains his slim figure and youthful face, he has a lot against him when it comes to convincingly enacting the young Lindbergh. I hope I don't sound unkind, but it's simply asking a little too much of a fellow in his forties. Nevertheless, Stewart has put a lot of effort into his characterization, and there are several scenes in which he is very likeable indeed.

Mr. Wilder may have felt that the flight itself would be a little monotonous and that it would be helpful, to keep both Lindbergh and the audience awake through the long flight, to have some extra dramatic device. Whatever the reason, a St. Christopher medal looms very importantly in the "plot." A priest sends him this medal, but Lindy decides not to take it along. A friend, however, slips it into his lunch bag. By the time Lindy is relaxed enough to eat his sandwiches he knows that God or providence is on his side, and he hangs the medal on his instrument panel. We then get alternating shots of Lindy flying over Paris and the medal. The medal gets bigger and bigger. So does Paris. I'm not sure about the message implied in the book on which this picture was based, but it's fully clear by the end of the movie. Lindbergh flew to Paris, so the movie implies, and found God. It's a fine message, but in this case it doesn't really make for great drama.

* * *

Last year another well known man went to Paris, as well as several other places, on a junket that took him to Europe and Africa. This was Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, who plays a jazz trumpet and sings in a gravelly voice and creates a lot of enthusiasm for himself and for jazz wherever he goes. Edward R. Murrow followed him around on his tour, and he has made a feature-length documentary called **"The Saga of Satchmo"** from the film clips shot during the journey. The result is an oddly appealing movie, perhaps a little monotonous as Armstrong goes from enthusiastic triumph to enthusiastic triumph, but held together by the vivid and delightful personality of Satchmo himself.

There's a lot of stomping, rocking, and swaying, whether it's in Paris, London, or Zurich. The most colorful part of the journey occurs when the band arrives at the Gold Coast. You never saw anything like it, as the saying goes, and I won't attempt to describe the spectacle of 100,000 people going utterly crazy over a trumpet player. It makes a nice contrast with the scenes showing Armstrong back again in New York, playing, as guest artist with Leonard Bernstein and the musicians of the Philharmonic, at Lewisohn Stadium. The composition was a concert version of "The St. Louis Blues," and W. C. Handy was in the audience. Mr. Murrow's TV-trained editing is superb at this point. We see the surprise on Handy's face, the eloquent look Armstrong gives Edmund Hall, the clarinet man beside him.

We also see the dawn of enlightenment on Mr. Bernstein's face. "The St. Louis Blues" just doesn't work that way, and it's Armstrong who has the proper approach to the music. Anyway, they're all playing music, they're all happy, and that's the way it ends. And it's real life, too.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

JAMES STEWART
in
"THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"
Based on the Pulitzer Prize winning book by
CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
Screen Play by
BILLY WILDER and WENDELL MAYES
Produced by
LELAND HAYWARD
Directed by
BILLY WILDER
A Warner Bros. Picture
In CinemaScope and WarnerColor

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Walt Disney's CINDERELLA
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RELIGIOUS BOOKS FOR LAYMEN

—*The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection.*

"The Peaceable Kingdom," by Edward Hicks (1780-1849).

Pitchmen in the Pulpit

By EDMUND FULLER, *novelist and critic, for the past six years book review editor of* Episcopal Churchnews.

WHERE there is a hunger there must come a feeding. It is evident that the last few years have seen a growing hunger among book-buying people for answers to the questions of religious search, consciously on the part of those ready or able to recognize their need, unconsciously on the part of great numbers moved simply in quest for "the good life" or "peace of mind." The latter two aims, while perhaps illusory by themselves, may be legitimate, properly desired fruits of the religious experience (though they are not certain to be).

The danger that accompanies such a general religious hunger is that many will come forward with the offer of *ersatz* foods, that either lack value, or, worse, will leave residual poisons in the system. Some religious pitchmen, in pulpits as much as in printed pages, take the natural cravings for peace of mind and the good life and reduce these to the lowest denominators of social acceptance, business success, self-confidence and complacency—any or all of the phases of what has come to be generally known in the racket as "successful" or "confident living."

Now, when Dale ("How to Win Friends and Influence People") Carnegie did this, with a candor pretending to be nothing but what it was, the public was fair game. But there are those who ply this trade in the cloak of Christian ministry, who present "successful living" as the aim, goal, or essence of Christian life.

By no means is this pitch confined to books. It is encountered each Sunday morning. It goes with the type of sermon that sends the congregation forth with a glow of self-satisfaction. "No doubt you are the people, and wisdom will die with you." Or, as Jackie Gleason says to his audiences: "Oh, you are a good group!"

Radio, TV, and the lecture platform carry the pitch on many types of program. There are channels in some schools and colleges where it makes itself heard, with greater or less openness. It is in books, however, that we have it in cold type, subject to scrutiny, so it is here that we shall look at it.

The definitive work is Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking," which up to last week had sold a total of 2,100,000 copies in all editions. Postive thinking, of course, is old-fashioned Couéism with organ music. (You remember Dr. Coué's, "Every day in every way I get better and better," which swept through the country in the Twenties.) You can also obtain "The Power of Positive Thinking for Young People." This is the simplification of a simplification.

Pealeism attained its apotheosis a little more than a year ago in a gift edition called "A Treasury of Faith," loosed upon the book trade with trumpets. Opening the copy sent to me for review was what it is fashionable to call, in inspirational circles, an unforgettable experience. There was a pretty, red cardboard box, hinged, and fastened with a brass clasp. It opened, bookwise. Inset, on the right-hand side as the immediate focus of the eye, was a red leather copy of "The Power of Positive Thinking." Inset, on the left side, as a secondary treasure, was a black-leather King James version of the Holy Bible (with a mustard seed in a crystal tear as a zipper pull). All that was necessary to salvation was here in a single package, with first things clearly first. The presentation went beyond vulgarity and presumption to the near reaches of blasphemy.

DR. PEALE, knowing that "The Power of Positive Thinking" needed no introduction, graciously used space on the cover of the box to commend the Scriptures to his vast following. The Bible, he assured them, was an important work, full of worthwhile things; "I quote from it frequently in my writing."

We are about to be favored with a new Peale product, this very month. It is called "Stay Alive All Your Life." In Peale's own words, under his picture on the front of the jacket, "This volume goes further than my

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former book, 'The Power of Positive Thinking,' in emphasizing how to achieve well-being, enthusiasm, and new vitality." It will surprise some that there was further one *could* go.

The true religious self-help genre has reached a triumphant *reductio ad absurdum* (in more senses than one) in "Pray Your Weight Away," a newly published book by a Houston Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Charlie (*sic*) W. Shedd. He might at least have had the grace to call it "Pray and Fast Your Weight Away," acknowledging that the demon fat "goeth out only by prayer and fasting."

What is the harm in Pealeism and its fellow travellers? Can it not just be ignored? Unhappily, no. Dale Carnegie and the other secular self-help pundits can be ignored, but not Peale and company.

The Peale products and their like are equated blatantly with Christian teaching and preaching. They are represented as part of a revival or response in Christianity with which they have no valid connection. They influence, mislead, and often disillusion sick, maladjusted, unhappy, or ill-instructed people, obscuring from them the Christian realities. They offer easy comforts, easy solutions to problems and mysteries that sometimes, perhaps, have no comforts or no solutions at all, in glib, worldly terms. They promise a cheap "happiness" in lieu of the joy which Christianity can offer, sometimes in the midst of suffering.

The panacea of positive thinking has been called by qualified people a positive hazard in the delicate marginal areas of mental health. Sick and sinking people will commit themselves to this waterlogged life preserver with possible disastrous results, when sound psychiatric counsel is needed. The church is belatedly, but rapidly, developing psychiatrically trained pastoral counsellors who know how to recognize the problems that the minister must refer to the realm of the doctor. Three fine books on this vital interrelationship between the religious and psychiatric fields are "Anxiety and Faith," by Charles R. Stinnette, Jr.; "Anxiety in Christian Experience," by Wayne E. Oates, and "Sex in Christianity and Psychoanalysis," by William Graham Cole. They help to show the actual harm that the irresponsibilities of positive thinking may do to unstable persons.

The books and teachings of Pealeism pervert the nature of Christian belief and experience. They make a virtue of being man-centered and self-centered. They seek an immediate, material good. The awesome sense of confrontation with God is gone. The fear of God which is awe has been dispelled. The meaning of worship is nullified and forgotten. God is to be worshipped because He is God. Pealeism and its corollaries debase Christianity to make of it a means to other and lesser ends—which by its nature the Christian religion cannot be. As Reinhold Niebuhr has observed, "There is no way of transmuting the Christian Gospel into a system of historical optimism."

Actually Pealeism is no novelty in relation to Christianity. It is a puerile, vitiated, shallow revival of Pelagianism, thoroughly unworthy of its tenuous link with Augustine's great theological adversary, Pelagius. For Pelagianism had a certain integrity and dignity (with a genuine impact on theology) missing from Pealeism's by-your-own-bootstraps doctrine.

Rabbi Liebman's "Peace of Mind," though in better taste and more restrained than Pealeism, nevertheless similarly set up an aim in life unworthy of the historical genius of Judaism. Bishop Sheen's "Peace of Soul," with its obvious corrective allusion to the Liebman title, is, like his broadcasts, filled with devices of presentation that sometimes are painful in their theatricality or slickness, but the massive structure of Roman Catholic theology ultimately prevents Sheen from sliding into Pealeism.

Where, in all the morass of false witness, whether in quests for successful living or in saccharine sentimentality—where are the great, historic central themes, subjects, words of Christianity through the ages? Where are considerations of the Trinity, Incarnation, covenant, atonement, redemption, salvation, sin, offering, judgment, worship, sacrament, sacrifice, communion, and the idea of the Holy?

These have been left behind by the prophet of positive thinking with his handy general maxims. "Many are called but few are chosen" has given way to "Everybody has won and all must have prizes." This is a travesty

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE APOSTLE. *By Sholem Asch. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Pocket.* 50¢. A novel about Paul of Tarsus set against the rich historical background of the Christian, Jewish, and pagan world of the first-century Roman empire.

BASIC CHRISTIAN WRITINGS. *Edited by Stanley I. Stuber. Rejection.* 50¢. Selections from the writings of the men whose thinking greatly influenced American Protestantism, among whom are Augustine, Calvin, and Emerson.

MOSES AND EGYPT. *By Henry S. Noerdlinger. University of Southern California Press.* $1.95. Data collected from religious, archeological, and historical sources pertaining to Moses and his times, prepared as documentation to the film "The Ten Commandments."

THE PAPAL ENCYCLICALS. *Edited by Anne Fremantle. Mentor.* 50¢. The official letters of the Popes from the first epistle of St. Peter to recent pronouncements of Pius XII that explain the Church's position on moral law. They are placed in their historical context by the editor.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY. *By Rudolf Bultman. Translated by the Reverend R. H. Fuller. Living Age.* $1.25. A German New Testament theologian examines the forces other than Late Judaism (Greek paganism, Stoicism, the mystery religions, etc.), which influenced Christian belief.

RELIGIOUS VERSE. *Edited by Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska. Mentor.* 50¢. An anthology of devotional poetry ranging from ballads and epics to the verse of Crashaw and Dylan Thomas.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND. *By Thomas Merton. Dell.* 35¢. Reflections upon the interior man and a life of the spirit by the Trappist monk who wrote "Seeds of Contemplation."

THE WRITINGS OF MARTIN BUBER. *Edited by Will Herberg. Meridian.* $1.35. Selections from the works of the religious philosopher, now professor emeritus of Hebrew University at Jerusalem, whose "I and Thou" profoundly influenced contemporary Christian-Judaic thought.

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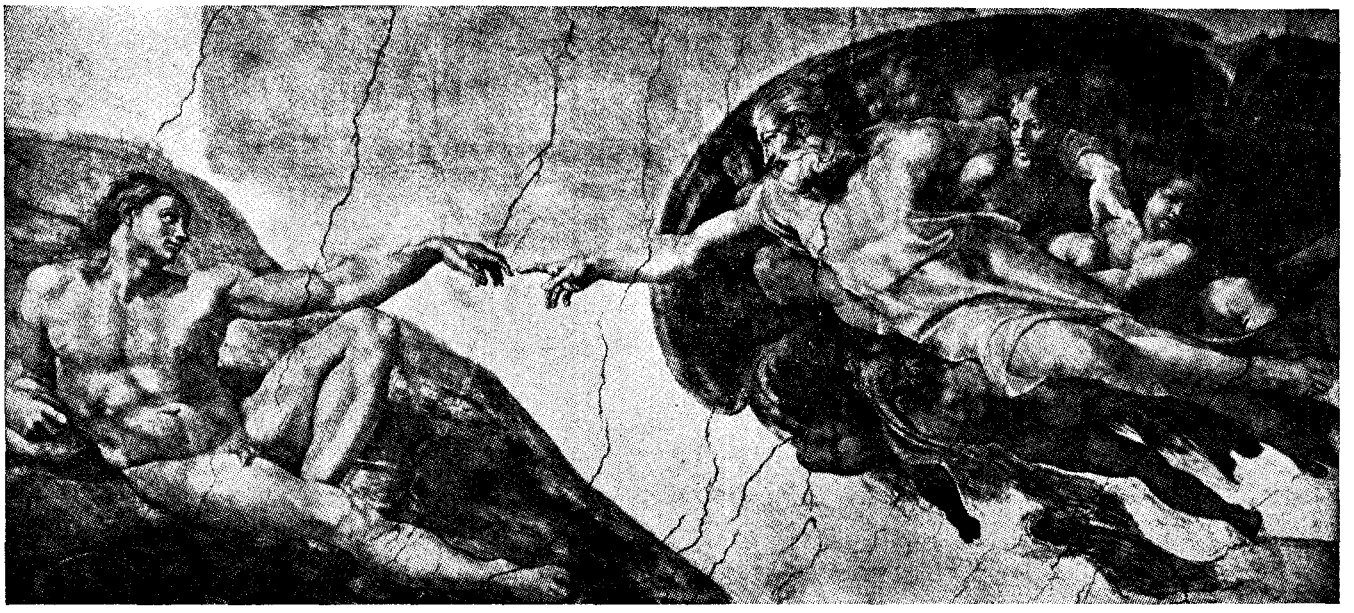

Michelangelo's "Creation of Man," from a section of the Sistine Chapel ceiling.

of the great religion that has lent the name of Christendom to an epoch in Western civilization. One must say of Pealeism in all its manifestations, paraphrasing Richard Bentley's comment about Pope's translation of Homer, "It is a pretty religion, Mr. Peale, but you must not call it Christianity."

Christianity (and Judaism too) teaches not that man has found out God, but that God has sought out man. Again, the hope of salvation is not in that man loves God, but that God loves man. Christianity is not a discovery, or a technique, it is a revelation. Its history is not of what man has done for God, but of what God has done for man.

To speak of a religious revival is careless. There is always religion—the question is, *what kind,* what is worshipped? That is why J. V. L. Casserley, in his book "The Retreat from Christianity," called a chapter "The Retreat from Christianity Into Religion."

All this dross, jingling the cash registers, does not represent a religious reawakening—at least not a Christian one. An authentic Christian awakening, nevertheless, is going on and has produced within the last decade, and continues to produce, a wealth of fine books by which the shoddy, pseudo-Christian books can be measured. These books are available (a few quality paperback lines are beginning to make them more so) but they are not big sellers. Why?

First, because they all recognize the truth that the Judeo-Christian religious experience, instead of being an escape or a ready solution to daily problems, is instead the awesome recognition of God's intrusion into man's life, with foundation-shaking implications. Someone has said, justly, "Christianity is too hard for anybody to have made it up." Yes, it can be joyous, comforting, hope-giving, life-renewing—but its biblical historicity must be understood as the mighty acts of God, and its worship, sacraments, and obedience must be comprehended as man's privilege of response to God's initiative.

The authentic Christian books deal straightforwardly with these great themes. They make demands upon the reader—not unreasonable ones, but nevertheless demands, which in some circles today, religious, educational, literary, and artistic, simply isn't done. A personal, off-the-cuff list of such books is printed below.

In the face of Peale and company, even so brief and random array as this shows that a genuine, probing religious dialogue is going on today, in Christianity and in Judaism. Each man searches for himself, but these are types of the fruitful channels for his search to follow.

Antidotes to Pealeism

THIS, I would emphasize, is a personal list. It does not include the enduring classics of Christianity, now extensively available in good editions. It makes no claim to case the field, to be representative, yet this improvised reading list turns out to include several Protestant denominations, Anglicans, two Roman Catholics, and a Jew. No book mentioned is beyond the resources of an intelligent, concerned layman, though they vary widely in their demands.

Try C. S. Lewis: "Mere Christianity" and "The Screwtape Letters." Chad Walsh: "Campus Gods On Trial," "Early Christians of the 21st Century," "Stop Looking and Listen." Paul Tillich: "The Shaking of the Foundations" and "The New Being," tremendous experiences from a man difficult in other books, but not in these. From Reinhold Niebuhr, a little tougher, generally, try "The Irony of American History" and "The Self and the Dramas of History," though the latter may be the hardest on this list. The late David E. Roberts's "The Grandeur and Misery of Man" is a complete answer to Pealeism. Try George Hedley's "The Superstitions of the Irreligious" and "Christian Worship." Evelyn Underhill's "Worship" is a classic.

You should know the great Jew who has vastly stimulated contemporary Christian thought, Martin Buber: "Eclipse of God," "Good and Evil," "Between Man and Man," and "I and Thou," the latter being the greatest but the hardest for it is poetic and cryptic. Read Barbara Ward's "Faith and Freedom" or Martin D'Arcy's "The Mind and Heart of Love." Dorothy L. Sayers: "The Mind of the Maker" and "Creed or Chaos." J. V. D. Casserley: "Graceful Reason" and "The Bent World." —E. F.

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The Bible: Right After All

"The Bible as History," by Werner Keller *(translated by Williem Neil. Morrow. 477 pp. $5.95), is an account of the light shed by archeology on the Old and New Testaments. It is reviewed here by William F. Albright, a Biblical archeologist and professor at the Johns Hopkins University.*

By William F. Albright

"THE Bible as History" is the rather hackneyed title that has been given to a German book "Und die Bibel hat doch Recht." The German name is both picturesque and untranslatable. "The Bible Is Right After All" does not quite carry the same punch. The original, published in 1955, was written by a German journalist who had specialized in science news until his attention was caught by the work of two brilliant French archeologists in Syria. He immediately plunged into this new world, and after four years of feverish activity completed his manuscript.

Werner Keller possesses a gift for picturesque description and a happy turn of phrase. More unusual is the fact that it has been put into excellent English by William Neil, whose command of German is also unusually good. Only in dealing with archeological technicalities does the translator betray uncertainty. Neil's renderings are so exact that in place after place where a puzzled reviewer compared them with the original he found faithful reproduction of the German text.

It must be emphasized that the author cannot compete with his compatriot Kurt ("C. W. Ceram") Marek, author of "Gods, Graves, and Scholars," either in general accuracy or in skill as a storyteller. And yet his subject is so engrossing and his style so facile that he sweeps the reader along. In spite of many errors in detail, to say nothing of some dubious journalism, he is right: the Bible is almost throughout a reliable account of historical events and a repository of original religious documents.

A flood of information from all lands of the ancient East has been pouring in during the past century and a quarter since Champollion published his decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphs and in the very same year (1822) confirmed the basis of Grotefend's decipherment of Old Persian. With it has come the decipherment of a great many previously unknown scripts and languages, while excavation has given us a detailed knowledge of ancient cultures and their evolution through many millennia. Since the Bible reflects the life of the entire Near and Middle East between about 2000 B.C. and A.D. 100, it is not surprising that all this tremendous volume of previously unknown data from the ancient world bears directly or indirectly on it. Nor should it be at all remarkable that the positive impact of our new data on Biblical research is incomparably more powerful than their negative effect. The historical picture as given by Biblical tradition is almost always correct; only rarely must we seriously modify the story as transmitted by Hebrew and early Christian traditions because of new archeological discoveries. We now have thousands of improved translations of words or passages, only a small proportion of which have yet found their way into modern editions of the Bible.

THE author paints a vivid picture of the rapid increase of knowledge in the field of Biblical archeology. As a rule he follows the best recent sources and reproduces what he finds

Protestant Reading List

EDMUND FULLER, *novelist, critic, book editor of* Episcopal Churchnews, *has drawn up the following list of suggested reading for Protestants during Lent.*

AND WALK IN LOVE. By Henrietta Buckmaster. Random House. $3.95.

THE ART OF MEDITATION. By Joel S. Goldsmith. Harper. $2.50.

BY MEANS OF DEATH. By Hughell E. W. Fosbroke. Seabury. $1.75.

CANDLES ON THE GLACIER. By Kenneth Joseph Foreman. Association. $3.

CRISIS IN COMMUNICATION. By Malcolm Boyd. Doubleday. $2.95.

THE DEAD SEA SCRIPTURES. Translated and edited by Theodor H. Gaster. Doubleday. Clothbound, $4. Paperbound, 95¢

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS AND THE ORIGINALITY OF CHRIST. by Geoffrey Graystone. Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

THE DESCENT OF THE DOVE. By Charles Williams. Living Age. Paperbound, $1.25.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE. By Emil Brunner. Westminster. $1.50.

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT—LIGHT OF CHRIST—ABBA. By Evelyn Underhill. Longmans. $2.25.

HIS KINGDOM IS FOREVER. By Ernest Lee Stoffel. John Knox. $3.

JOY IN BELIEVING. By Henry Sloane Coffin. Scribners. $2.95.

MAN AT WORK IN GOD'S WORLD. Edited by George E. De Mille. Longmans. $3.

MEN ON THEIR KNEES. By Kenneth O. Eaton. Abingdon. $1.75.

THE MIND OF THE MAKER. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Living Age. Paperbound, $1.25.

MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. Meridian. Paperbound, $1.95.

NAUGHT FOR YOUR COMFORT. By Trevor Huddleston. Doubleday. $3.75.

NEW TESTAMENT CHRISTIANITY. By J. B. Phillips. Macmillan. $2.25.

THE PRAYERS OF KIERKEGAARD. Edited by Perry D. LeFevre. University of Chicago Press. $3.50.

THE PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF LANCELOT ANDREWES. Edited by Thomas S. Kepler. World. $1.50.

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY LIVING. By Jeremy Taylor. World. $1.50.

THE SAVING PERSON. By Angus Dun. Harper. $2.

SERMONS ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST. By Martin Luther. Augustana. $2.50.

THROUGH TROUBLED WATERS. By William H. Armstrong. Harper. $2.

TILL WE HAVE FACES. By C. S. Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

THE WRITINGS OF MARTIN BUBER. Edited by Will Herberg. Meridian. Paperbound, $1.35.

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intelligently. Unfortunately, he has failed to check with competent scholars before publication, thus preventing his own book from being a reliable as well as a fascinating guide. Sometimes he turns to sensationalism, as in his account of Sir Leonard Woolley's idea that he had found traces of the Great Flood in layers of clean river silt dating from the fourth millennium at Ur; he further complicates matters by introducing imaginary discoveries of Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat (not forgetting the "expedition" headed five years ago by Aaron Smith of Greensboro, N.C.). Similarly he reproduces the views of Garstang and others about the date of certain walls of Jericho, supposed to have collapsed before Joshua, though Kathleen Kenyon has now proved them to be a thousand years earlier. His description of Kepler's famous identification of a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in the sign Pisces with the Star of Bethlehem must also fall into this category. He is given to exaggeration in minor points, as when he speaks of "columns of lorries" needed to remove the cuneiform tablets of the Patriarchal Age from Mari.

Nor is he always careful in other details, as illustrated by his reference to the Sinai expedition of 1948, which he attributes to "a team of archeologists from the University of Los Angeles"; the reviewer was the only "archeologist," and the expedition had nothing to do with Los Angeles though it was a University of California undertaking organized by Wendell Phillips. When he tries to reproduce philological details he is also confused.

And yet it must be emphasized that every successful popular writer on Biblical archeology comes to grief occasionally, and that Herr Keller is more successful than most in hewing to the line of accurate reporting. He has tried to bring the translation up to date by adding six pages on the Dead Sea scrolls which contain much material not found in the original German text.

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE: Any reader who is concerned about the world, man, and his destiny will be enlightened by **"Matter, Mind and Man,"** by Edmund W. Sinnott (Harper, $3.50). Formerly dean of the Yale Graduate School, Dr. Sinnott writes of these things with charm and humility, as well as with a lucid profundity, which has inspired and kindled the minds and hearts of his pupils for many years. In this significant volume, he provides answers for man's perennial questions about himself and his world "that will form a unified and logically harmonious framework of concepts about man and his relation to his life and to the universe." "Our aim," he writes, "has been to fit man into the universe of matter, mind, and spirit without the necessity of dismembering him." He sees man steadily and sees him whole, and believes that only in God can man be fulfilled. He is true to science, but he is also true to himself, and as a scientist he is not afraid to explore the areas of the spirit and the soul, the emotions, the problems of sin, of justice, of ugliness, and beauty. This is a book for the many who cannot believe all that routine religious orthodoxy teaches about the spirit of man, but who also reject the view that man is no more than a superior animal.

—Roscoe T. Foust.

LIFE AND DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN: Edwin McNeill Poteat's latest book, **"The Dimension of Depth"** (Harper, $2), fulfills the promise of his earlier writings. In it he shows that Jesus, in the crises of the last days of His earthly life, realized that simple and readily understood descriptions of the issues of life and death would not do. There had to be comprehension at the deepest levels if He was to finish the work God sent Him to do. What He did and said in these last days revealed the profound mystery of the Christian religion, but to those who would receive it was also provided a solid foundation on which a man might surely and confidently build. For, only those who have ventured the profundity of the depths can feel the ecstasy of the heights. So Dr. Poteat leads his readers through the successive crises of life as seen in the dimension of depth—the crises of morality, piety, success, dedication, conflict, triumph, and death (which is the surest bridge to life). This will make excellent Lenten reading for Christians of all shades of denominational opinion, for the Christ of the depths and of heights is for all men.

—R. T. F.

THE SEVEN LAST WORDS: The three-hour service from twelve to three on Good Friday, with consecutive meditations on Christ's seven last words from the Cross, has become ever more widely observed by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. Books of these series of meditations continue to be published annually, and the latest of these, **"By Means of Death"** (Seabury Press, $1.75), by Hughell E. W. Fosbroke, who is the retired dean of the General Theological Seminary in New York, is one of the best, for it contains the distilled wisdom and spiritual insight of one of the greatest of modern Biblical teachers. Those whom he has taught speak feelingly of his "saintly character" and this character shines through the words and pages of this little book. Dr. Fosbroke interprets the Last Words of Christ as forgiveness, love, concern in human relationships, despair, pain, fulfillment, and self-commitment, and he brings these terms to bear upon the relationship of man to man and man to god.

—R. T. F.

SERMON ON THREE WORDS: One of the great creative theologians of our day, Dr. Emil Brunner has also the gift of being able to relate theology to man's contemporary life. His latest book **"Faith, Hope and Love"** (West-

—*Bettmann.*

"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," by William Blake.

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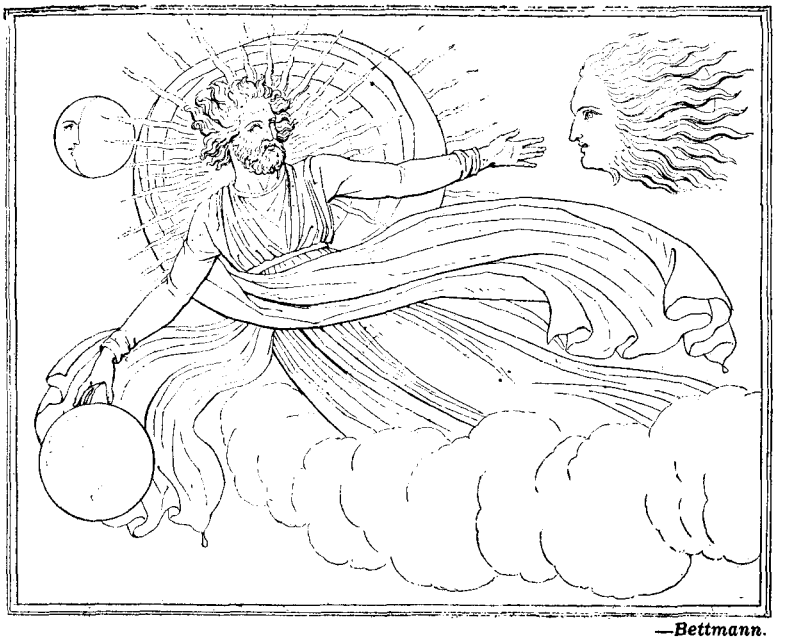
minster Press, $1.50) is comprised of three lectures delivered at the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, California. It should commend itself immediately to the thoughtful layman as well as to the professionally religious because it comes to grips in a profound and creative way with those very things by which men live: faith, hope, and love. Dr. Brunner notes that we all live in the past, in the future, and in the present, and he asks how our relation to Jesus Christ affects our living in the past, future, and present. The answer of the New Testament is precisely these three words: we live in the past by faith, we live in the future by hope, and we live in the present by love. He reveals the theological depths of these words with a sure, deft exposition. "Faith," he writes, "is a relation to God's act of revelation and redemption in the past; hope is the expectation of what God will do in the future; love is the way by which God changes our present." —R. T. F.

BELIEVER VERSUS NON-BELIEVER: Although all men live in the same world, the world does not appear to be the same to all men. The Christian sees it through the eyes of faith in God as the Creator and Sustainer of it all. The non-believer sees it as a world which is self-contained and comprehensible, though the understanding may be difficult. The Christian never sees the good world as it was created, by God. But he must learn to find the traces and evidences of its original goodness and the structure of its good possibilities and good limitations. He must learn what life is actually like, and not be distracted by any of the economic illusions or clever escape devices which at least some of the non-believers have invented to shield themselves from its reality. In **"The Christian and the World of Unbelief"** (Abingdon, $4.75), Mrs. Libuse Lukas Miller examines the major areas of human interest—knowledge and science, philosophy, social science, ethics, the arts, and history—and analyzes the special problem in each area, seeking to provide a basis on which Christian belief and doctrine can stand securely. Ministers, teachers, and students will find this illuminating study of the human scene one of the most deserving of serious study to come their way in recent years, and Mrs. Miller's lively style will make its reading a constant delight. —R. T. F.

THE MEANING OF SALVATION: In **"The Saving Person,"** by Angus Dun (Harper, $2), the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Washington, D. C., has come to grips with the meaning of "salvation" as it is understood in the Christian church. Bishop Dun has succeeded admirably by the use of words whose meaning is plain, to make clear and winsome in a fresh way the doctrine of "atonement," and we see Christ, the "saving person" moving steadily with men towards God, but also with God towards men. In Him and through Him man finds the courage to face and admit in himself that ultimate evil which is alienation from God, for in Him also he finds forgiveness and reconciliation and inherits the promise of eternal life. Here and now, the author assures us, we may remember Him who is the dearest, holiest part of our human past; here we have communion with Him who is the cleansing center of our human present, and here we look forward to Him who is the crown of our human hopes. This is a book for everyone: the layman will find great insight and assurance, and the minister will find a way to speak—in ways which can be understood—of eternal truths as if they were relevant to the modern world. —R. T. F.



—*Bettmann.*

"Creation of the World"—from a sculpture by Antonio Canova.

RELIGION AND THE COLD WORLD: The descriptive subtitle of **"Candles on the Glacier,"** by Kenneth Joseph Foreman (Association Press, $3), is beguiling. The subtitle is: "Warm Thought for a Cold World, being Fables and Fantasies about Faith for the Modern Mind," and it well describes the book's mood and contents. Here is a collection of very informal essays, ranging from the sober and matter-of-fact to the gay and highly fanciful, but all are thoroughly Christian and highly provocative. These pieces, written over a period of ten years for publication in the *Presbyterian Outlook,* are by the Professor of Doctrinal Theology at Louisville Presbyterian Seminary. They are meant to be read one at a time, but each is so engaging in its special way that the reader is constantly tempted to read a little farther before putting the book down. "Candles on the Glacier" is a book which everyone, minister and layman, may read with profit and delight. —R. T. F.

Rx FOR WORRY: It is good news to Dr. Leslie D. Weatherhead's many readers that he has published another book. Dr. Weatherhead is not only one of the world's greatest preachers but also a recognized authority in pastoral psychology, the field in which he has written his monumental book, "Psychology, Religion and Healing." Now, in **"Prescription for Anxiety"** (Abingdon, $2.50), he deals with a phase of this subject which ought to make everyone who reads the book a grateful beneficiary, for all know anxiety of some sort which makes life uncomfortable and often seemingly unbearable. The purpose of the book is to help the readers track down the origin of their anxieties and face up to them. Unaccountable depression, nameless worry, scruples of conscience —these and other forms of anxiety are brought out into the open and dealt with in the light of common sense, deep sympathy, and, above all, the resources of the Christian faith. Dr. Weatherhead warns that it will not be enough merely to read the book any more than one just reads a prescription for medicine. The reader who acts on his suggestions will get the greatest help. —R. T. F.

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The Church's Neglected Art

"Catholic Church Music," by Paul Hume *(Dodd, Mead. 259 pp. $4.50), is an analysis of the present state of Catholic church music from parochial school to cathedral. Paul Henry Lang, our reviewer, is professor of musicology at the Columbia University.*

By Paul Henry Lang

CATHOLIC church music is a subject that in some countries, notably in the United States, is treated with a reservation bordering on dishonesty. Though its lamentable state is well known to many enlightened laymen and musicians, and perhaps even to a small fraction of the clergy, seldom is anything said about it. Why this should be so is difficult to understand. The Church, never compromising in matters of art, fostered in the past a literature of liturgic and church music that is unparalleled in quality and volume, but is largely forgotten. Several outstanding Popes legislated on the subject, and the documents are, of course, required reading for the hierarchy and the officially appointed church musicians—they have been paid no attention beyond some pious lip service. Music is the only one of the arts that forms an integral part of the liturgy, and therefore it must receive the most careful attention on the part of those responsible for the rites. Yet few, if any, American seminaries employ a recognized musico-liturgic scholar, and most pastors consider music a necessary bore. As long as some well-meaning soloist can be found to sing "Mother Dear, O Pray for Me," all is well with sacred music.

In this untroubled felicity, Paul Hume, an able Washington critic, organist, and choirmaster, appears with an uncommonly frank and courageous book that ought to wake up at least some people. He spares neither sensibilities nor long-established taboos, yet nowhere is his forthright treatment of the subject offensive. Mr. Hume knows the field and is familiar with all the time-honored abuses. He knows the poor training and naiveté of the musicians, their incredible ignorance of what is liturgic and what is not, their even more incredible ignorance of the great literature; and he knows the lamentable unconcern of the hierarchy, which is another form of ignorance. But he also reports improvements and gives good, practical advice to those who are in need of it, which means most of the musicians and practically all of the clergy.

Yet with all its excellence, the book puzzles me. To whom is it addressed? "Catholic Church Music" prints the papal encyclicals and other documents, one of the excellent features of the book. These documents are written in the loftiest style, yet are so tightly reasoned that every sentence must be studied. Mr. Hume analyzes them very ably, but elsewhere he lapses into journalese that at times is more than down to earth. The clergy won't like that, and the musical reasoning itself is above their heads. On the other hand, the author repeatedly reduces musical essentials to a level that could have meaning only to the lowest form of musical fauna.

Finally, I must say that sincere, dedicated, and well-informed as Mr. Hume is, his scholarship is not quite up to date. This is, incidentally, one of the reasons for the present state of church music. Our Catholic universities do not bother with musical scholarship, nor do the seminaries or the musicians. Yet Gregorian chant and the various polyphonic schools constitute a vast and infinitely complicated branch of musicology. To mention one instance, the language of the *Motu Proprio* of 1903 is vague in terminology; today we cannot operate with such an elusive term as "classical polyphony." Nor is Gregorian chant (still attributed in the encyclicals to Gregory the Great) treated with modern scholarship. When the author says that "the expressiveness of the chant is already written right into the music," he is indulging in generalities that apply to anything.

"Catholic Church Music" is, then, neither a history of church music, nor even an essay on Catholic ritual music, but an apologia, a defense of its principles, and a demonstration of its malpractices, combined with sound advice for remedy and reform. It contains much useful material, yet I am afraid that where the advice is most needed, in the chancery offices and rectories, it will not be heard.

THE FIRST JESUIT: Born into the Renaissance, Ignatius of Loyola, the Basque worldling-turned-ascete, was not of it. Yet in his zeal for souls this man of modest learning blended Christianity

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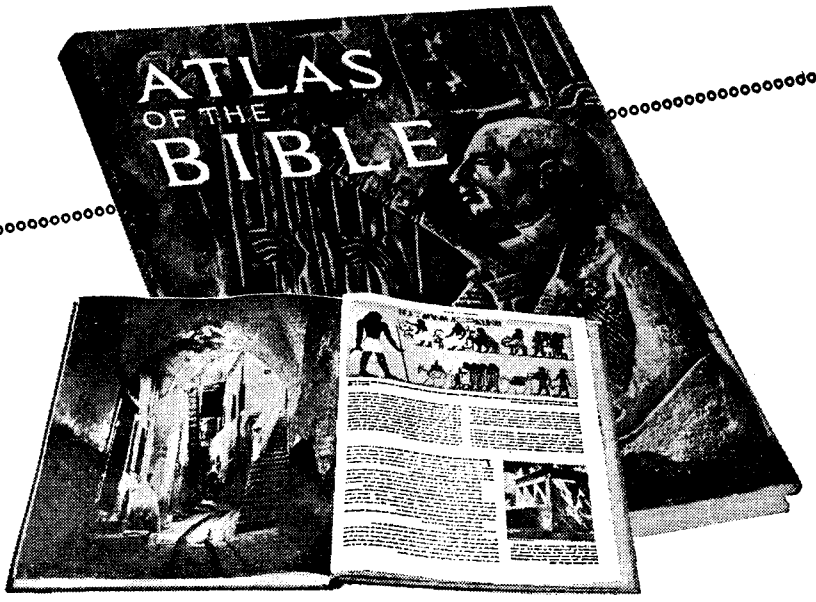
with classical humanism. His zeal, though he had not planned it so, was to make him founder of the history-making, globe-spanning Society of Jesus. In **"Saint Ignatius Loyola: The Pilgrim Years; 1491-1538"** (Farrar, Straus, $5) James Broderick explores the pre-founding period. Wounded in war, the thirty-year-old caballero received mystical illumination and humbly dedicated his life to God. As a limping, sickly, tattered mendicant, Ignatius sometimes endured Pauline imprisonment. Fellow university students in Paris—Francis Xavier among them—associated themselves with him in holy living and became the nucleus of the developing Society. As the Irish Jesuit author eloquently demonstrates, the lame beggar made his steep climb to sanctity against the violent crosswinds of power politics and the intellectual downdrafts of the Renaissance. —ANN F. WOLFE.

DO-IT-YOURSELF RELIGION: The family that observes the liturgical year gets the utmost joy out of living. Such is the theme of the reverent but lively program outlined by Mary Reed Newland in **"The Year and Our Children"** (Kenedy, $3.95). Mrs. Newland sketches out a calendar of children's activities that not only personalize the Christian feast days and seasons but bring home their historical import and spiritual significance. Take Easter, prime feast of the Church. Mrs. Newland prepares children for the commemoration through relevant Scripture stories, including the adventures of Jonah, a symbol of the Resurrection. Do-it-yourself instructions are furnished for making paper figures of the prophet, the ship, and the whale. As Holy Week progresses, the children use the figures to act out the story meaningfully. Prayer, reading, informal pedagogy (and plenty of fun, too) are integrated into the projects. There is a reading list and a table of liturgical symbols, but no index.
—A. F. W.

THE CHURCH AND AMERICA: Two surveys that effectively complement each other are John Tracy Ellis's **"American Catholicism"** (University of Chicago Press, $3) and **"The Catholic Church, U.S.A.,"** an essay collection edited by Louis J. Putz, C.S.C. (Fides Publishers, $5.95). The former, an incisive and challenging little book, might well serve as introductory study for the latter. Monsignor Ellis not only summarizes the historical record of American Catholicism but traces the development of its occasionally paradoxical spiritual content. With organizational competence, Father Putz pools the contributions of twenty-three authorities to explain the history and structure of the Church in this country, to scrutinize its current regional diversity, and to examine its many-sided influence on contemporary American life. The chapters on the liturgical movement, labor relations, and racial segregation are especially significant. —A. F. W.

LIFE OF CHRIST: Since its publication a few years back Daniel-Rops's **"Jesus and His Times"** (translated by Ruby Millar; Dutton, $5) has become something of a modern classic. Reverent, scrupulously documented, richly evocative of Augustan-Tiberian Palestine, the book vividly chronicles Christ's earthly pilgrimage, from birth through the forty post-Resurrection days. The new edition of the Daniel-Rops work has been translated from the latest revision of the French text. The Ronald Knox translation is employed for all quotations from the Old and New Testaments. In the Anglicization of proper names and place names, the Catholic version is used. An appendix has been added in which



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—Bettmann.

Michelangelo's "Creation of the Sun."

the author discusses the bearing of the Dead Sea Scrolls on the story of Christ. The new edition, which is in short a treasure trove for any intelligent reader, is virtually basic to the Catholic layman's one-foot bookshelf. —A. T. W.

SAINTLY HALL OF FAME: In a line of hagiographers that goes back to "The Golden Legend" Alban Butler has long shone as a standard authority. But his monumental "Lives of the Saints," published two centuries ago, suffers from the literary verbosity and moralizing approach of his era. Now his *magnum opus* has been admirably modernized in a handsome four-volume boxed set of **"Butler's Lives of the Saints"** (Kenedy, $39.50). The revision and editing are the work of the late Herbert Thurston S.J. and Donald Attwater. The biographical sketches now have compactness and mettlesome readability; entries and bibliographies have been brought up-to-date; there is a general index for non-liturgical reference use. In this "saintly hall of fame," as Cardinal Spellman calls it in his foreword, new heroes and heroines have been enshrined. This country's first canonized citizen, twentieth-century Mother Cabrini, takes her place alongside Stephen, Augustine, Bridget, Il Poverello, and her name saint, Francis Xavier. —A. T. W.

LIFE AND DEATH OF A SAINT: In **"Saint John Fisher"** (Kenedy, $6), E. E. Reynolds describes the English martyr largely through the man's own letters and the comments of his contemporaries. Bishop of Rochester at thirty-five and a cardinal at his death, the indomitable Yorkshireman was acclaimed for his theological scholarship and his sanctity. Friend of Erasmus, of Thomas More, and of the royal family, he comforted the poor in hovels that his servants refused to enter. As chancellor of Cambridge University, he raised its sunken standard of learning and directed the founding of new colleges. Laxness in clerical morals, as well as Lutheranism, became the target of his sermons and writings. Opposing Henry VIII's divorce of Catherine and the recognition of the King as head of the Church in England, the emaciated old ascetic was imprisoned and beheaded. In him, as in martyred Thomas More, was personified the true spirit of Renaissance in England. —A. T. W.

FATHER OF UTOPIA: The current revival of interest in Spain's American explorations and conquests moves apace with Omer Englebert's **"The Last of the Conquistadors. Junípero Serra; 1713-1784"** (translated by Katherine Woods; Harcourt, Brace, $6). Fray Junípero, an erudite little Majorcan, was surely the gentlest and most selfless of the conquistadors. Ailing, dreadfully crippled by a leg infection, thwarted by military governors, and sometimes hindered by uncooperative brother Franciscans, he established Indian missions—and European civilization—along the West Coast as far north as San Francisco and became California's founding father. The logistics of his apostolate were formidable. As is especially evident from his letters, he was afire with love for the Indians. What he founded, in effect, flowered into an Indian communal republic, a veritable eighteenth-century Utopia. His illustrated biography, written by a French Franciscan, glows with the drama of a memorable epoch in America's past and the inner flame of its self-effacing hero. —A. T. W.

Catholic Reading List

EUGENE WILLGING, *director of the Catholic University of America Library and the weekly Library Card Service on Current U. S. Catholic Publications, has compiled the following suggestions for reading by Roman Catholics during the Lenten period.*

American Catholicism. By John Tracy Ellis. University of Chicago Press. Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, $1.75.

Atlas of the Bible. By L. H. Grollenberg. Thomas Nelson. $15.

Catholic Church Music. By Paul Hume. Dodd, Mead. $4.50.

The Catholic Church, U.S.A. Edited by Louis J. Putz. Fides. $5.95.

The Catholic Viewpoint on Race Relations. By John LaFarge. Hanover House. $2.95.

Day After Tomorrow. By Roma R. Turkel. Kenedy. $3.75.

In Silence I Speak. By George N. Shuster. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50.

I Was Chaplain on the Franklin. By Joseph T. O'Callahan. Macmillan. $2.75.

Jesus and His Times. By Henry Daniel-Rops. Dutton. $5.

The Last of the Conquistadors, Junipero Serra (1713-1784). By Omer Englebert. Harcourt, Brace. $6.

Lay People in the Church. By Yves Congar. Newman. $6.50.

Lives of the Saints. By Alban Butler, Herbert Thurston, and Donald Attwater. Kenedy. 4 vols. $39.50.

The Mass and Liturgical Reform. By John L. Murphy. Bruce. $5.95.

Moscow Was My Parish. By George Bissonette. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

One Front Across the World. By Douglas Hyde. Newman. $3.50.

A Path Through Genesis. By Bruce Vawter. Sheed & Ward. $4.

Patterns for Teenagers. By Vincent J. Giese. Fides. $3.50.

A Right to be Merry. By Sister Mary Francis. Sheed & Ward. $3.

St. Ignatius of Loyola. By Leonard von Matt and Hugo Rahner. Regnery. $6.50.

Saint John Fisher. By E. E. Reynolds. Kenedy. $6.

The Splendour of the Church. By Henri de Lubac. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

The Springs of Morality. Edited by John M. Todd. Macmillan. $6.

They Saw His Glory. By Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

The Two-edged Sword. By John L. McKenzie. Bruce. $4.50.

Worship and Work: St. John's Abbey and University. By Colman Barry. St. John's Abbey, Minn. $5.

The Year and Our Children. By Mary Reed Newland. Kenedy. $3.95.

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Q and A for Jews

"Questions Jews Ask: Reconstructionist Answers," by Mordecai Kaplan *(Reconstructionist Press. 532 pp. $4.75), is here given a stimulating appraisal by the Irish-American literary critic Mary M. Colum.*

By Mary M. Colum

MORDECAI KAPLAN'S "Questions Jews Ask" is a really remarkable book, and possible readers should not be alienated by its sectarian title; it transcends all that. When a sincere and great intellectual discusses the religion he lives by, when it is one of the great religions, and the parent of the Western world's religion, any person can have much profit in harkening to him.

The Reconstructionist movement, of which the author of this book is an outstanding leader, aims at maintaining a religious civilization in a secular and nationalist world. In "The Reconstructionist idea . . . Judaism is not merely a religion in the conventional sense, but a religious civilization." But then there arises the question: How does he set out to win for religion those Jews who resist it while they cling to other aspects of Jewishness? This would be a fair question to put to members of other religions also.

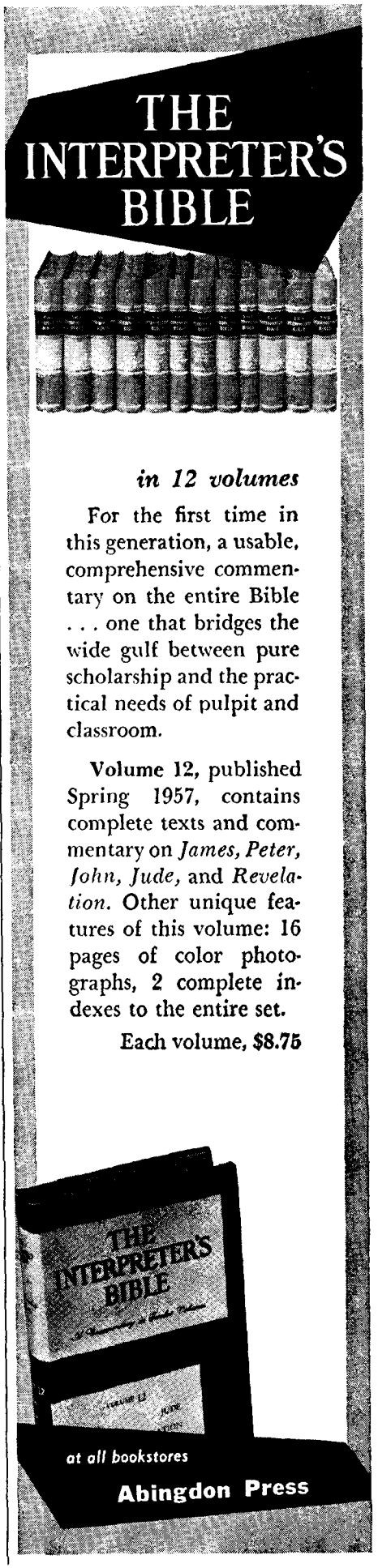
For everywhere, people cling to aspects of Christianity while not being religious. A Catholic philosopher such as Maritain or a Protestant philosopher such as Niebuhr would be likely to accept Rabbi Kaplan's directive: "The assumption that religion in general commits one to a static system of beliefs and practices inherited from the past is mistaken. Never having been exposed to the dynamic conception of religion they are not even aware that it is possible for religion to undergo a creative development." A dynamic conception of religion, Dr. Kaplan maintains, is one which treats religion as the response to man's natural need for an interpretation of life which would render life worth while, despite the evils that mar it. Most influential leaders in religion would agree with this; but there are, naturally, many ideas in "Questions Jews Ask" that orthodox Christian leaders would not accept. Dr. Kaplan does not regard religion as divinely inspired in the usual sense. Judaism he regards as the product of a particular people and a particular civilization.

It seems that this book could only have been written by an American. To this reviewer, who is not Jewish and who is an American not by birth but by law, the philosophy implicit in it, with its emphasis on experience, would be commended by William James and John Dewey, however little they might comprehend Dr. Kaplan's commitment to tradition and his conception of what he calls "Peoplehood." What does he mean by "Peoplehood"? "Peoplehood is based on historic continuity, language, literature, and art, law, mores, and folk ways." It is exactly this conception that the big modern states are trying to get rid of. But if they do manage to get rid of them, what would become of individuality in art or in life generally? Dr. Kaplan seems inclined to believe that outside Israel the only Jewry is American Jewry. He accepts the idea of diversity in Jewry, but does he realize how different Jewry is in small European countries such as Holland, Denmark, and Ireland from what it is in America?

He writes understandably about the unlikelihood that anti-Semitism would ever become in America the menace it was in the Old World. This reviewer does not think that anti-Semitism is any greater in this country than anti-Catholicism, and the dislike and distrust for immigrant European races is common, no matter what religion is in question. As for the menace of anti-Semitism, the present writer —though born and educated in Europe and familiar with European countries—never to any perceptible extent encountered it there. What causes anti-Semitism is hard to explain. It is either a communicable psychic disease or arises from the ancient human craze for conformity.

Dr. Kaplan's chapter on the Torah is illuminating for non-Jews. The Torah has existed for a long time as a growing collection of specific answers to questions concerning what to do in matters of ritual practice or in law. The Torah was what kept Jewry together all through the dispersal.

The tradition of question and answer, which is the basic matter of the Torah, is continued in "Questions Jews Ask." This method is familiar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to non-Jews: it is in Plato; it is in Saint Augustine, where question and answer becomes interior, and it is in Aquinas. In fact, it shows again that the dialectical is the best method for clarifying religion and ethics.

At places in Rabbi Kaplan's book the drama of the Jewish continuity in the dispersal was brought over to the present reviewer, who thought of rabbis in Babylonia, Moslem Spain, medieval Germany, intellectualizing a tradition that was before the Europe of their time. Then, like Stephen Daedalus in "Ulysses," the reviewer pondered on "Dark men in mien and movement, flashing in their mocking mirrors the obscure soul of the world, a darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend."

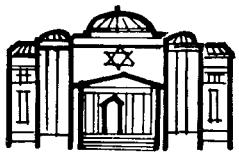
LIFE IN A KIBBUTZ: Written by an American professor of anthropology who lived with his wife in a kibbutz, a communal settlement in Israel, for nearly a year, **"Kibbutz, Venture in Utopia"** (Harvard University Press, $4.50) by Melford E. Spiro, is an account—scientific, anthropolitical, social and personal—of "Kiryat Yedidim," a fictitious name of a kibbutz. This book is intended, in the author's phrase, "as a case study in the possibilities of social co-operation," and his aim is to illuminate "the universal through an examination of the particular."

Professor Spiro's book is one of many written in recent years on the kibbutz experiment, but, unlike the others, it is a rather sad book because he concludes that the members of Kiryat Yedidim feel that their lives have not been successful. The author tells of how the settlers came to the kibbutz thirty-five years ago, how they handled or failed to handle their personal lives, their children, and their education of the young. He finds that the kibbutz, which began as a utopian dream, is now more political than utopian and that politics has become the religion of the kibbutz members. He does not omit the sense of inadequacy of the men and women, who age quickly under the pressures of agricultural life. Middle-aged men, no longer able to compete physically with the younger men, are depressed, whereas in the cities men their same age do their jobs competently. Women feel that with the loss of their looks they also lose their hold on their men, for there are no strong marriage ties and no economic dependence on the male or female. Today the women are trying to escape the austere life of the kibbutz. They desire nice dresses and want their babies in their own rooms instead of leaving the children in the communal room along with the communal nurse.

This is a serious study which has already provoked discussion in Israel. It is important reading for those who want to understand Israel's kibbutzim.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

THE GREAT HERZL: Theodor Herzl was the father of modern political Zionism, a movement which in turn led to the establishment of Israel. He was also a professional journalist, who kept diaries for the full nine years during which he created the political movement of Zionism. It seems a pity that the diaries have long been unavailable in the English language. But now, though two-thirds of the diaries are still unavailable, one-third of them have been published under the title of **"The Diaries of Theodor Herzl"** (translated, edited, and with an introduction by Marvin Lowenthal; Dial, $7.50). One must commend the judicious way in which this volume is presented by Mr. Lowenthal, himself a graceful essayist, whose eighteen-page introduction on Herzl, his life and his impact on the world, contains much interesting material, a good deal of which contradicts previously accepted versions of Herzl's life. For example, Mr. Lowenthal proves that Herzl did not storm upon the Jewish scene as an "outsider," but that he was raised in Vienna in the traditional Jewish manner and had a rather thorough Jewish upbringing. Mr. Lowenthal also argues that the Dreyfus affair, which Herzl covered as a Viennese newspaper correspondent in Paris, did not bring Herzl to the realization of the need for a Jewish homeland, for he already had written



Reading List for Jews

RABBI PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN *of Temple B'rith Kodesh, Rochester, N. Y., former president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, has compiled the following list of new books of Jewish interest:*

THE BOOK OF BOOKS IN ART. By Stephen S. Kayser. Shengold. $7.50.

BRANDEIS: A FREE MAN'S LIFE. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. Viking Press. $7.50.

THE DEAD SEA SCRIPTURES IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION. With notes by Theodor H. Gaster. Doubleday. Clothbound, $4. Paperbound, 95¢.

THE DIARIES OF THEODOR HERZL. Translated and edited, with an introduction by Marvin Lowenthal. Dial Press. $7.50.

EUROPEAN JEWRY TEN YEARS AFTER THE WAR. Published by the Institute of Jewish Affairs of the World Jewish Congress. $3.

A GALLERY OF ZIONIST PROFILES. By Louis Lipsky. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.75.

GOD IN SEARCH OF MAN. By Abraham Joshua Heschel. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $5.

GREAT AGES AND IDEAS OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. Edited by Leo W. Schwarz. Random House. $5.

ISRAEL: ITS ROLE IN CIVILIZATION. Edited by Moshe Davis. Harper. $4.

KIBBUTZ: VENTURE IN UTOPIA. By Melford E. Spiro. Harvard University Press. $4.50.

LEGENDS OF THE BIBLE. By Louis Ginzberg. Simon & Schuster. $5.

THE LIBERTIES OF AN AMERICAN. By Leo Pfeffer. Beacon Press. $5.

A JEWISH UNDERSTANDING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Samuel Sandmel. Hebrew Union College Press. $5.

THE PERSONAL LETTERS OF STEPHEN WISE. Edited by Justine Wise Polier and James Wise. Beacon Press. $4.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHURCH FATHERS. Vol. 1, Faith, Trinity, Incarnation. By Harry A. Wolfson. Harvard University Press. $10.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE FOSSIL. By Maurice Samuel. Knopf. $4.

QUESTIONS JEWS ASK: RECONSTRUCTIONIST ANSWERS. By Mordecai M. Kaplan. Reconstructionist Press. $4.75.

REJOICE IN THY FESTIVAL. By Phillip Goodman. Bloch. $3.50.

REBEL AND STATESMAN. By Joseph B. Schechtman. Thomas Yoseloff. $6.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By Solomon Goldman. University of Chicago Press. $3.75.

A TREASURY OF JEWISH QUOTATIONS. Edited by Joseph L. Baron. Crown. $5.95.

TWO WORLDS. By David Daiches. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

THE VALLEY OF GOD. By Irene Patai. Random House. $3.95.

WHERE JUDAISM DIFFERED. By Abba Hillel Silver. Macmillan. $4.50.

THE WRITINGS OF MARTIN BUBER. Selected, edited and introduced by Will Herberg. Meridian Books. $1.35.

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his world-shaking brochure "The Jewish State" before anti-Semitism was introduced in the Dreyfus affair. Herzl was one of the true world shakers and movers. This volume is basic to Zionist history. —H. U. R.

PROFILES OF THE ZIONISTS: Louis Lipsky, now the dean of American Zionism, retains, at nearly eighty years of age, the bite and vigor of his youth. His most recent book, **"A Gallery of Zionist Profiles"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75), is evidence of that. In describing more than thirty great Zionist leaders of the past, he writes: "Zionism stands in a circle of danger and may become the victim of sentimentality or excessive reverence." Mr. Lipsky, in producing profiles on the notable Zionist spokesmen from Theodor Herzl to David Ben-Gurion (the present Israeli Prime Minister is the only living leader included in this book) is sentimental only about Dr. Chaim Weizmann, first President of Israel. About all the others Mr. Lipsky is warm but objective in his judgments.

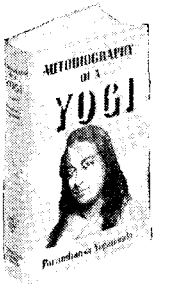
Among the most fascinating men treated in this book are Nahum Sokolow, a great linguist and Jewish leader; Shmarya Levin, to whom this volume is dedicated and who was one of the finest propagandists Zionism ever had; Vladimir Jabotinsky, whose spiritual children are the members of Herut, Israel's second largest political party; Chaim Nachman Bialik, the greatest Hebrew poet of modern times; Ahad Ha-Am, the promulgator of cultural Zionism, as against political Zionism; Eliezer Ben Yehuda, who brought Hebrew back to Palestine as a living language; Naphtali Herz Imber, the bohemian poet and author of the Israeli national anthem, who was a drunk and is remembered as such by Mr. Lipsky; and a host of notable Americans: Henrietta Szold, founder of Hadassah, the women's Zionist organization; Stephen S. Wise, Justice Louis D. Brandeis, and others equally interesting. Mr. Lipsky tries to bring his people to life and he usually succeeds. If one cannot always agree with his conclusions about his Zionists, at least one recognizes them as living individuals. —H. U. R.

THE STORY OF ISRAEL: In 1952 the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, in conjunction with the Jewish Agency for Palestine and a handful of Jewish institutions and organizations, sponsored the Seminary Israel Institute. Since that time, convocations and luncheon lectures have been held under the aegis of the Institute, and a a number of books have emerged as a result of the lectures delivered by Jewish and non-Jewish scholars and spokesmen. **"Israel: Its Role in Civilization,"** edited by Moshe Davis (Harper, $4), is an outgrowth of some of these lectures. Contributors include noted Jewish philosophers, educators, scholars, and historians, as well as Christian scholars. Many of the essays are extremely enlightening; a few are cursory, but, in all, this is a thoughtful volume, full of good things.

Israel's Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, and Dr. Louis Finkelstein, Chancellor of the Jewish Theological Seminary, contribute to the first section, entitled, "The Role of Israel in the Modern World." Professor William F. Albright, Dr. Salo Baron, Professor Louis Ginzberg and Professor Saul Lieberman write on "What History Teaches." Professor Ginzberg's essay on the Dead Sea Scrolls remains valuable and illuminating, though he has since written in greater detail on the same subject. In the third section, "The New State," there are studies on social and cultural developments in Israel, some of them academic rather than realistic. For example, Yehuda Lea Kohn writes on the emergence of a constitution, but Israel still does not have a written constitution. The late Hayim Greenberg's "Religion and the State of Israel" is original in thought and highly provocative. Martin Buber's contribution on "Character Change and Social Experiment in Israel" is excellent, but it is familiar to Buber students. The final section, "America and Israel" contains little that is original but much that is worth recalling.

—H. U. R.

THE LORE OF THE BIBLE: Professor Louis Ginzberg, who died some three years ago, was one of the twentieth century giants of Jewish scholarship and his monumental work, "The Legends of the Jews" is one of the greatest works of scholarship produced by a single individual. It comprised four volumes of Biblical legends (and three more volumes of notes and index), all drawn from ancient and modern sources in nearly forty languages. Now **"Legends of the Bible"** (Simon & Schuster, $5) has been made available in a one-volume edition which is based on Professor Ginzberg's "The Legends of the Jews." This one-volume edition is beautifully produced and contains nearly all of the tales in the original scholarly collection, or at least the most interesting and significant ones. There are legends here on the creation of the world, on Adam and his sons, on Abraham, on Jacob and Joseph in Egypt, and on Moses in Egypt and in the Wilderness. It is a pleasure to have the best of Professor Ginzberg's great works in a single volume.—H. U. R.



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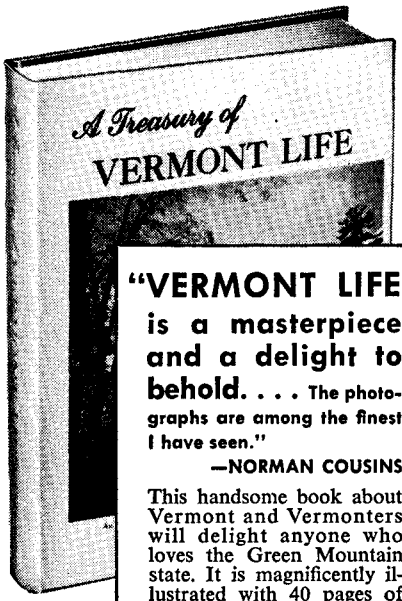

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Other Religious Books

By Siegfried Mandel

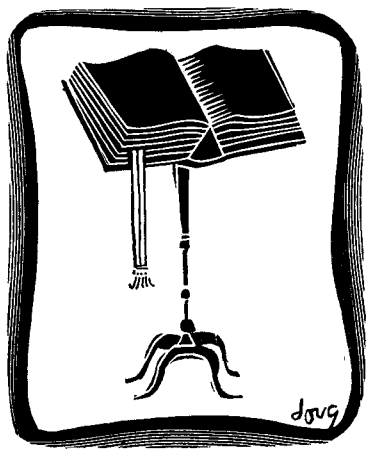
CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS: A good number of this year's books reflect the conviction of religious bodies and leaders that religion can contribute significantly to the solution of present-day social tensions. Albert Vorspan and Eugene J. Lipman carefully document their analysis of civil liberties, juvenile delinquency, and Communism to show, in **"Justice and Judaism"** (Union of American Hebrew Congregations, $3.50), how religious principles may be applied to social action. John LaFarge's concise explanation of **"The Catholic Viewpoint on Race Relations"** (Hanover, $2.95) stresses the ethical inconsistency of race prejudice. Taking a frank look at the **"Crisis in Communication"** (Doubleday, $2.95), Reverend Malcolm Boyd suggests that those who wish to spread the message of religion must pay more attention to mass media—movies, television, radio. How to "mix" politics with religion without compromising pulpit, conscience, or the principle of separation of church and state is given illustration in **"Politics for Christians,"** by William Muehl (Association Press, $3).

The religious approach to a variety of individual questions is the burden of the following: **"Counseling and Theology,"** by William E. Hulme (Muhlenberg, $3.75), a discussion of those spiritual resources from which pastors can draw to help people help themselves; **"Clinical Training for Pastorial Care,"** by David Belgium (Westminster, $3), which though primarily concerned with minister-patient situations, sets up standards of handling social adjustment problems of general interest; **"1000 Questions and Answers on Catholicism,"** by Philip O'Reilly (Holt, $3.95), a popular and authorized guide to everyday living for Catholic laymen; and **"Your Questions Answered,"** by the well-known pastor and author Daniel Poling (Channel Press, $3.95), offering conservative and comforting counsel.

HISTORICAL STUDIES: How the **"Living Religions of the World"** (Prentice-Hall, $6.75) developed their religious impulse under varying sociological conditions is the concern of Fredric Spiegelberg, who is a member of the University of California's anthropology department. Selectively and informatively he traces the growth of some sixteen Eastern and Western religions. **"Everyday Life in Old Testament Times"** (Scribners, $3.95), is a detailed reconstruction—in drawings and text by English scholar E. W. Heaton—of the Jewish world as it existed from 1250 to 586 B.C. Taking on a four-thousand year span, Leo W. Schwarz enlisted such notable historians as Salo W. Baron, Cecil Roth, and A. S. Halkin to interpret and review the **"Great Ages and Ideas of the Jewish People"** (Random House, $5), one of the best recent surveys. Forming almost complementary studies are **"The Early Church,"** by Professor Oscar Cullman of the University of Basel (Westminster, $4.50), a scholarly work, and **"The Holy Fire,"** by Robert Payne (Harper, $5), the story of the early Christian Church in the Near East (30-1461 A.D.), a model of popular writing leavened by thorough historical research. Catholic layman Bernard Wall dramatizes **"The Vatican Story"** (Harper, $3.95), smoothly blending ground data with fresh contemporary observation. For a view of the changing relation of Christian faith to the state and culture as a whole, James Hastings Nichols, professor of church history at the University of Chicago, methodically covers the **"History of Christianity: 1650-1950"** (Ronald Press, $5).

For those readers who wish a Catholic view of **"The Protestant Churches of America"** (Newman, $5), John A. Hardon has compiled historical and statistical material related to organizational structure and doctrines of all denominations. On the religious front abroad, Winburn T. Thomas and Rajah B. Manikam's **"The Church in Southwest Asia"** (Friendship Press, $2.50) offers a clear picture of progress and problems of Protestant missions.

PERSONAL HISTORY: In a totally informal and delightful way Phyllis Stark tells of her life as wife of an Episcopalian minister in **"I Chose a Parson"** (Oxford University Press, $3.50). Successful businessman J. C. Penney expounds the golden rules that guided his career in **"Lines of a Layman"** (Channel Press, $3). Active church-



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vorker Park Hays Miller relates his wn experience to explain **"Why I am Presbyterian"** (Nelson, $2.75). Exhanging a Protestant pulpit for a ombat plane, Colonel Dean E. Hess listinguished himself as a pilot and as humanitarian who saved thousands f Korean War orphans; his **"Battle lymn"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.95) is a oving autobiography. Though the onastic life is usually veiled in ecrecy, Thomas Merton's **"Silence in leaven"** (Studio-Crowell, $7.95) reeals in text and ninety breathtaking hotographs the spiritual pilgrimage nd serenity of the monk. Father John aFarge's autobiography received so ne a response that it was decided to ollow up with **"A John LaFarge eader,"** edited by Thurston N. Davis nd Joseph Small (American Press, 3.50); this elaborates on his interacial work and work as an editor. nown for his forthright stands, Rabi Abba Hillel Silver in **"Where udaism Differed"** (Macmillan, $4.50) rges that we realistically accept eligious dissimilarities as bases ather than barriers to human coperation.

NFORMATION GUIDES: Readers who seek nformation on the background and bservances of religious calendar dates ight turn to **"The Christian Year"** Muhlenberg, $3.75), by Edward T. orn, head of the Lutheran Joint ommission on the Common Liturgy, they might consult **"The Holyday ook"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), by rancis X. Weiser, the national youth irector of the Catholic Central Union America. Bible-centered and evanelical, **"The Douglass Sunday School essons: 1957,** by Earl L. Douglass Macmillan, $2.95), is the newest in a rty-year series. Edited by Roland . Wolseley, **"Writing for the Religious arket"** (Association Press, $4) not nly tells the writer where to place s material but it also demonstrates e extent of the press, religious and cular, that concerns itself with nurch affairs. **"Nelson's Complete oncordance of the Revised Standard ersion Bible** (Nelson, $16.50) lives to expectations as a much-needed reference-guide to the Revised ing James Bible. One can hardly ask r more profusely illustrated and xtually planned Bible geographies an are offered by the **"Atlas of the ble"** (Nelson, $15), written by L. H. rollenberg and translated from the rench by Joyce M. H. Reid, and the **Rand McNally Bible Atlas,"** by Emil . Kraeling (Rand McNally, $8.95). **ews in the World of Science"** (Monde ublishers, $18) forms a world-wide ographical dictionary of four thound Jewish figures in the natural and cial sciences.

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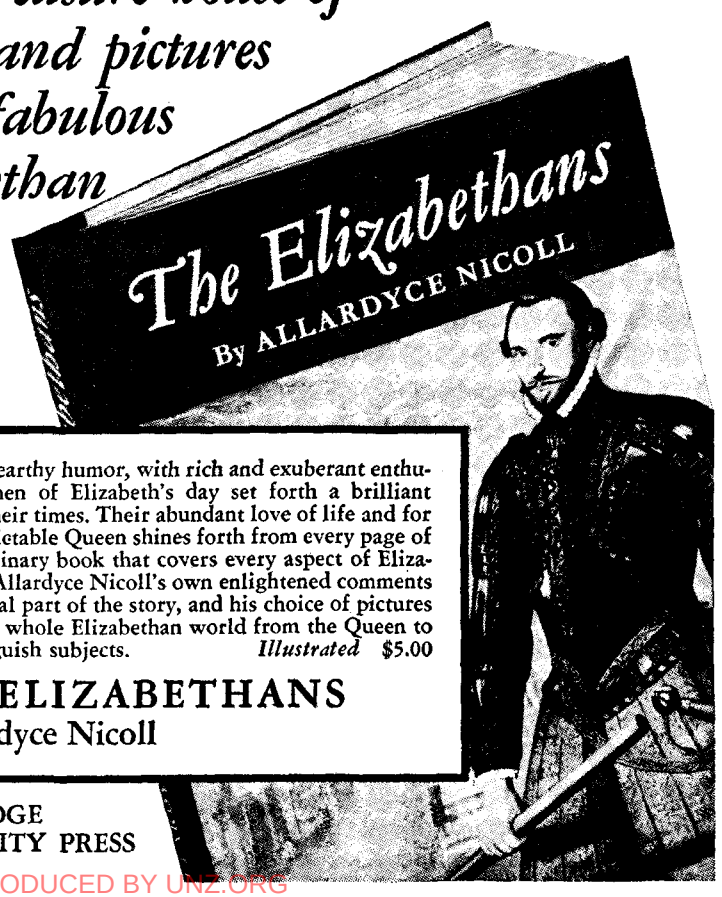

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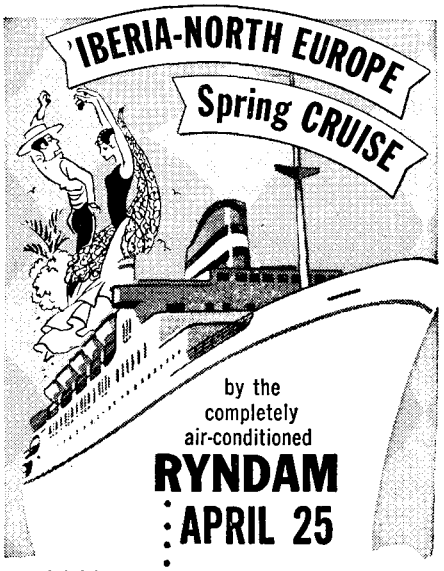

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Germany

Continued from page 13

hitting back at his domestic critics. In the end he benefited from this double opposition. He could threaten each of his opponents with the other, the Allies with the neutralist Socialists, and the domestic opposition with the Allies who might revert to a tougher policy.

All of his political skill was turned to the realization of his over-riding aim—the integration of a sovereign Germany in a united Europe. In 1946, he said, "Today I regard myself primarily as a European, and only in the second place as a German." His credo was more than expedient rhetoric. Over the years, he fathered or furthered every move towards European union, and tirelessly sought a permanent Franco-German reconciliation. Although a lifelong opponent of Prussian militarism, Adenauer was the first to urge German rearmament within a European framework, hoping that this would result in the simultaneous establishment of German sovereignty and a Western union. In the summer of 1954, when France rejected E.D.C., all his hopes seemed shattered; but in the following May, Western Germany was admitted to NATO, and in the last few months the idea of a united Europe has gained ground again. If in the future a European union should become a reality, then Konrad Adenauer will have to be celebrated as one of its builders.

At least he will be so hailed abroad. At home, the opposition to him still runs strong, and despite his "sharp instinct for publicity," he has always remained aloof from his compatriots and never courted their favor. Paul Weymar alludes to his autocratic inclinations, his predilection for "solitary moves" and bold new strokes which he would initiate without consulting Parliament or even his Cabinet. Adenauer is not a democrat by temperament, but by political reason and moral conviction, and while he has full confidence in himself, he is less certain of his fellow-countrymen: "It is really very hard to know the human race and not to despise it."

With a magnificent will and an incomparable endurance he has worked for what he thought was best for Germany and for Europe. To few other statesmen in modern times has been given a like opportunity to mold a shapeless mass, and few others would have been able to seize such an opportunity with the same active courage.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NICKNAME INTO NAME

Here are twenty-five assorted sobriquets of men and women of letters (several of them only part-time) and alongside, equally unsorted, are the actual names of the sobriquet-bearers. Marlene M. Reep of New York City asks you to relate the sobriquets to the actual names. Everything is straightened out on page 44.

1. The Angelic Doctor ( ) St. Thomas Aquinas
2. The Apostle of the Indians ( ) Anne Bradstreet
3. The Boy Orator of the Platte ( ) William Jennings Bryan
4. The Father of English Poetry ( ) John Calvin
5. The Father of Medicine ( ) Geoffrey Chaucer
6. The Gloomy Dean ( ) Georges Clemenceau
7. The Good Gray Poet ( ) Stephen A. Douglas
8. The Great Cham of Literature ( ) John Eliot
9. The Great Magician of the North ( ) Benjamin Franklin
10. The Lady of Christ's ( ) John Charles Frémont
11. The Lady of the Lamp ( ) Hippocrates
12. The Little Giant ( ) William Ralph Inge
13. The Pathfinder ( ) Thomas Jefferson
14. Poor Richard ( ) Samuel Johnson
15. The Pope of Geneva ( ) John Milton
16. Prince of the Ode ( ) Julia A. Moore
17. Prince of Poets ( ) Florence Nightingale
18. The Quaker Poet ( ) Alexander Pope
19. The Sage of Monticello ( ) Pierre de Ronsard
20. The Schoolmaster of the Republic ( ) Sir Walter Scott
21. The Swan of Avon ( ) William Shakespeare
22. The Sweet Singer of Michigan ( ) Edmund Spenser
23. The Tenth Muse ( ) Noah Webster
24. The Tiger ( ) Walt Whitman
25. The Wasp of Twickenham ( ) John Greenleaf Whittier

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Early America

Continued from page 21

these principles shaped his magnum opus, the four-volume "Colonial Period of American History." They also dated it, for by the time Andrews began publishing it in the 1930s, new historical approaches, such as relativism, were in vogue. What he had written was monumental, but it was not a guide to new ideas. It was the *summa* of an age. —HAL BRIDGES.

WE MIGHT HAVE SPOKEN FRENCH: In **"Century of Conflict"** (Doubleday, $5), a sequel to Thomas Costain's "The White and the Gold," Joseph Lister Rutledge, a veteran Canadian journalist, offers a racy account of (to quote his subtitle) "The Struggle Between the French and British in Colonial America." For our culture might have been French. What decided the fate of this continent was Louis XIV's ambition to be dictator of Europe. On the battlefields of the Old World he threw away the resources that he might have used to rivet French dominion upon the New. But the French empire in America was a long time dying. With meager support from the mother country, New France displayed an astonishing vigor. Meanwhile, the British colonies bickered among themselves like suspicious allies, and their home government felt little need to aid them against the foe, until at length all saw that they must combine their strength —naval and military—to root French power out of America.

Mr. Rutledge carries this stirring story from the arrival at Quebec in 1672 of Frontenac down to the capitulation of New France at Montreal in 1760. From the outset he clearly reveals the nature of what he correctly calls "the irrepressible conflict." The sole foundation of the French empire in America was the fur trade, which dictated an imperial drive to hem in the expanding British colonies, if not to destroy them utterly. This drive demanded the utmost use of the Indians, which accounts for the wild barbarism that was inextricably mingled with the heroism displayed during these recurrent wars.

For his material the author draws heavily, and rightly, upon Parkman, as well as some, if by no means all, important subsequent research. Without bibliography or footnotes, the finished product reads like a good popular novel. Mr. Rutledge makes no pretense of original scholarship. There is nothing new in this book, except quite a number of mistakes that cannot be detailed here. Another serious criticism is that, while this volume is the second of the series projected and edited by Mr. Costain to provide a popular, interesting history of Canada, Mr. Rutledge has not given a history of Canada during the period he covers, but only one segment of it.

—A. L. BURT.

NEW LOOK AT A GREAT JURIST: Ten distinguished writers and scholars in the fields of American government, law, economics, and history examine salient aspects of the career of the nation's greatest jurist in **"Chief Justice John Marshall: A Reappraisal,"** edited by W. Melville Jones (Cornell University Press, $3). The book is largely composed of papers presented in May 1955 at the College of William and Mary. Marshall emerges from the reappraisal still the conservative Federalist, still the champion of nationalism and the protector of expanding business interests. But the new portrait is more subtly delineated. He was not, we are told, a doctrinaire in either politics or judicial principles. His conservatism was flexible—based, Joseph Dorfman writes, on the precept that "experience must confirm what reason suggests." The darker spots in the picture, Marshall's low-level political duels with Jefferson, receive the attention of Irving Brant, who nevertheless concludes that Marshall demonstrated the "living principle of greatness," the capacity to grow, and that he helped the nation to grow great along with him. —HAL BRIDGES.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 715

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 715 will be found in the next issue.

TCSA QCHX YAFLGECX, QAD

VHTT YCD PCRY QCHX

GAPLA.

BYCYQZCHW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 714

The individual is always mistaken.

—EMERSON.

How many of these historical "facts" do you believe?

(1) Pocahontas saved John Smith's life
(2) There once was a woman Pope
(3) Lincoln's assassin escaped his pursuers and lived to a ripe old age
(4) Richard III murdered the little princes in the Tower of London
(5) There was something mysterious about the death of Harding, Roosevelt

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· The Model . . .

Continued from page 11

accompanied by recordings of their songs. We are used to the marvelous color-photography now, but the realistic recording of bird-songs is still new. Here were the hermit thrush, the veery, the mockingbird, and others, much larger than life and many times as loud. We paid our money to witness the wonder.

No chance had been taken that we would fail to appreciate what the wonder was. For every foot of film in which a bird sang there must have been twenty showing the soundtrucks, the tape-recorders, the parabolic reflectors, and the technical crew at work. This was not the art which conceals art, aiming at the representation of nature. For a moment God's creation sang and was tolerated. Then the voice of the showman came in, proclaiming its own high-fidelity even as it cut off the song.

This episode, like the last episode in the tale of the prince, is the end of a history rather than the beginning. The history is that of our own civilization or any other.

In one sense the singing bird is the same today as it was a century ago. The song of the veery has not changed since Thoreau heard it, an almost inaudible voice in the swamp at sunset. The veery is still there, but it has lost its meaning. It is not for us an expression of the mystery which humbles and enlarges those whom it touches by giving them their true identity as children of an unknown nature. It is not for us the mystery of a harmony to which we once responded like a victim of amnesia experiencing impulses of some wonderful if elusive recognition.

Today, except for the few remaining clichés of a debased sentiment, this mystery is mostly gone. Dissemination of knowledge about birds has become a professionalized business involving vast expenditures. The quantitative growth and technical improvement in means of observation have been spectacular. But the bird itself, as a life worth observing, has been lost. In its place we find something that presents itself as what we call, in the language of the theatre, an attraction. Pay your dues and the guide will take you out to show it.

• • •

THIS could be written about some other subject than birds, just as the tale of the prince could have had another setting than India. The instrumental resources for music today in the big professional symphony orchestra playing for the millions are incomparably greater than those of a century or two ago (the most meaningful flute-music ever written was composed by the elder Bach for an instrument that any flutist today would consider unplayable), but what has happened to the meaning of music? Music has become much louder, just as that thin wisp of song which is the veery's, brought into the big auditorium, has come to sound like a siren. Our music tends to impress by overpowering, or by technical extravagance, while the voice of the announcer proclaims the wonder in tones that are only more smooth than those of a barker in the circus.

At a certain point on a mountain highway near where I live motorists are confronted by an official road-sign which reads: "Photogenic scenery 1,000 feet ahead." Those who otherwise would not have known that this scenery is an attraction now stop their cars and get out their cameras. But it has, somehow, become less worth looking at.

All these developments—in the observation of nature, in the dissemination of music, and in other fields—are justified by their exponents as "educational." We should not allow ourselves to be deceived. The purpose of education, like that of literature and art, is not to present objects to our view but to make us see the meaning in them. It is to give us vision. Was ever a word so abused as this word "education" is today by the propagandists who have taken over the realms of nature and of art?

• • •

THIS has happened to civilizations before. Toward the end, as they have gone in for bigness and gained in technical proficiency, they have lost point and purpose. With the disappearance of meaning from their individual lives men have herded aimlessly under the leadership of the most blatant among them. They have become that proletariat of which Toynbee gives so fearful a picture, living on public bread and circuses while their inheritance of wisdom is neglected and forgotten.

No one knows at what point the malignant disease becomes incurable. There are, certainly, many Greeks still left in Rome. If our case can still be cured, however, it will first have to be recognized. And even if it should be too late, there is a sort of redemption in facing the truth.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 1, 23, 3, 15, 4, 24, 12, 2, 14, 13, 5, 6, 19, 8, 10, 22, 11, 25, 16, 9, 21, 17, 20, 7, 18.

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

moves away from it into an Army camp in New Jersey that the writing becomes more alive.

If Mr. Flood has relaxed somewhat on his laurels in his second novel, he nevertheless shows enough development to make us look forward to more interesting work in the future.

—PATRICIA DONEGAN.

SUBVERTING AN INFANT GENIUS: Little Leo Demming, the youthful subject of Hildegarde Dolson's delightful new novel, **"A Growing Wonder"** (Random House, $3.50), suffers from an acute case of genius. At the tender age of five he is already a sophisticated draughtsman, with an incredibly mature perception of line and form. But Leo is also possessed of a widowed daddy better able to cope with the plastics game than he is with a young Leonardo, so the child's upbringing is entrusted to his Auntie Jane, a ravishingly beautiful avant-gardiste (she writes for a little magazine published in Marrakesh). Auntie Jane believes in formless art and informal education, and the infant draughtsman is bundled off to the Free Little Arts elementary school, where "spontaneous disorder" rules and the report cards are as big as restaurant menus, with marks for "Biogenetic Adaptability" and "Interpersonality of Relationships."

"Whatever had become of Mendel's Law?" muses Miss Dolson, as Leo is put through the Free Little Arts hoops (asymmetrical, of course), impressed into compulsory leap frog (over non-objective saw-horses), and forced to express his individuality as a good little Five should. Not content with subverting an infant genius, Auntie Jane gets her hooks into an adult one: a painter named Joss Rindel, whom she purloins from his loyal mistress, a lady with so-so taste and a good heart. The collision of this almost irresistible force with the objects of her attention throws off a shower of sparks that makes "A Growing Wonder" a refreshing experience.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

DULY NOTED: "The Sprig of Hemlock," by Robert Muir (Longmans, $3.95), recalls the ill-fated armed revolt against the Massachusetts government by Daniel Shays and the "Regulators" in 1786. Well-drawn portraits of debt-ridden farmers and excitement-seekers, whose emotions and actions veer from sincere protest to unbridled license, make this an impressive first novel. —S. P. MANSTEN.

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(Continued from page 45)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1198

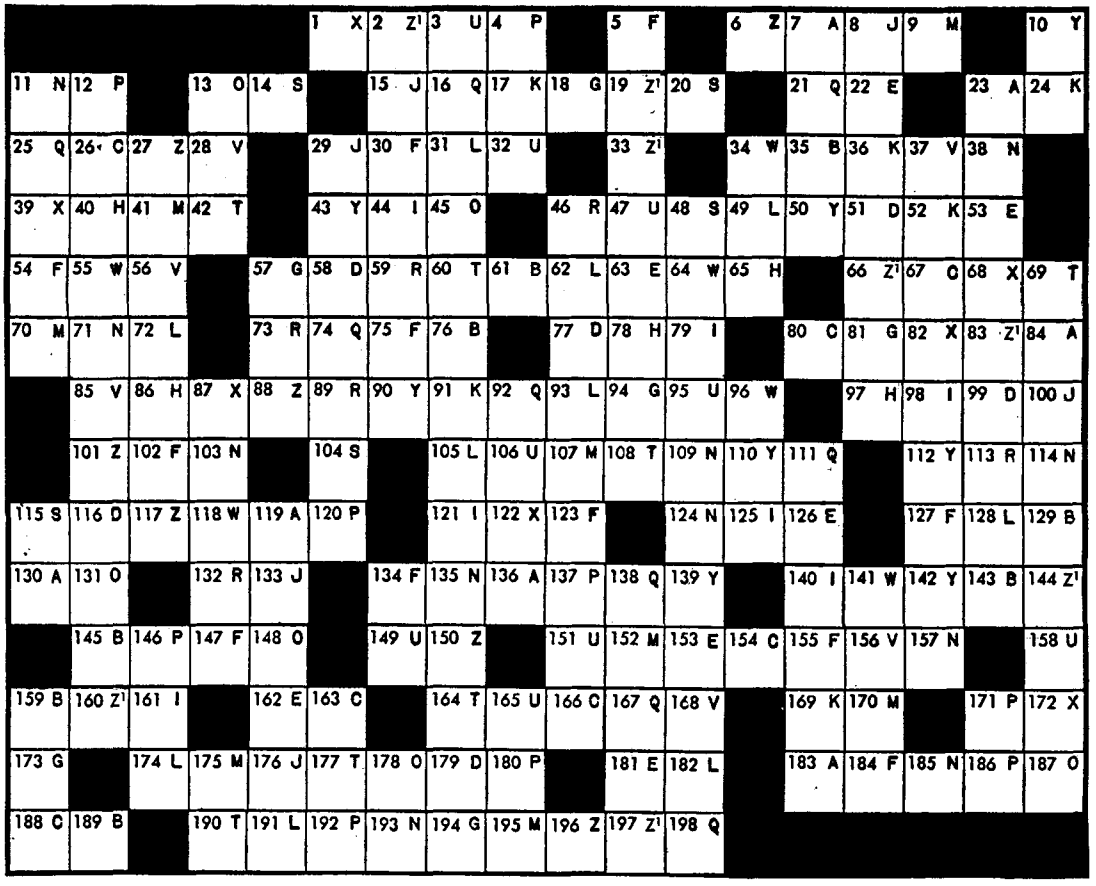
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Winning combination on a slot machine (2 wds.).	183 136 130 84 23 7 119
B. Immense camera lens in the news, specially for photographing that artificial satellite (not yet in Webster).	129 189 145 76 159 61 35 143
C. Soft, whitish limestone of southern U.S. used for roadways and building.	26 67 80 188 166 163 154
D. English song writer who took holy orders; most famous song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" (1812-87).	99 58 116 51 77 179
E. Hateful; atrocious.	53 126 162 63 181 153 22
F. Appearing on, or affecting, the same side of the body.	102 127 147 30 134 54 75 184 123 5 155
G. Early symbols used to indicate relative musical pitch, beginnings of staff notation.	94 173 81 194 57 18
H. Preceded by "von," German colonel general, commander against French, Sept., 1914 (1853-1934).	65 78 86 40 97
I. *Pristis pectinatus* of the Gulf of Mexico.	79 98 140 121 44 161 125
J. Battercake popular in U.S., soft but crisp, indented in patterns.	29 15 176 133 8 100
K. End of the beef critter, as used for soup.	169 36 52 17 91 24
L. What W. D. Howells says Time moves with though "Light itself is not so fleet" (2 wds.).	128 174 62 72 191 105 182 49 93 31
M. Subject of a Verdi opera, 1893.	9 41 70 152 107 195 170 175
N. End of Word O.	38 157 114 185 193 11 103 71 124 135 109

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Completed by Word N, device for detection of movements of oysters within the shell (used in water pollution investigations).	187 45 148 178 131 13
P. Eugene O'Neill's famous middle name.	12 186 192 137 180 171 146 4 120
Q. Decorated by means of stamps, as pottery.	198 74 92 21 111 16 25 167 138
R. Masculine proper name, meaning power of God; chief negotiator for England of treaty with U.S. ending Revolution (1705-84).	132 46 73 113 89 59
S. The unit of electrical capacity, named for an English physicist.	14 104 48 20 115
T. In fine (3 wds.).	190 177 164 108 42 60 69
U. Powerful tenth-cent. Duke of France, acknowledged king for nine years, whose name was given to a ruling dynasty (2 wds.).	32 151 158 149 95 106 165 3 47
V. Suppressed from consideration.	37 156 85 56 168 28
W. Alternate sp., English scholar who recorded, for first time outside of China, use of mariner's magnetic needle (1157-1217).	55 96 64 141 118 34
X. To utter (2 wds.; colloq.).	122 68 87 1 82 39 172
Y. Site of Hanford Engineer Works of the "Manhattan District."	139 142 112 43 90 110 50 10
Z. Tobacco (2 wds.; colloq.).	196 101 27 6 88 150 117
Z¹. Familiar compound specifying one girl greeter in many restaurants (not in Webster nor Mencken).	144 33 160 83 2 197 66 19

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue

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